July 31, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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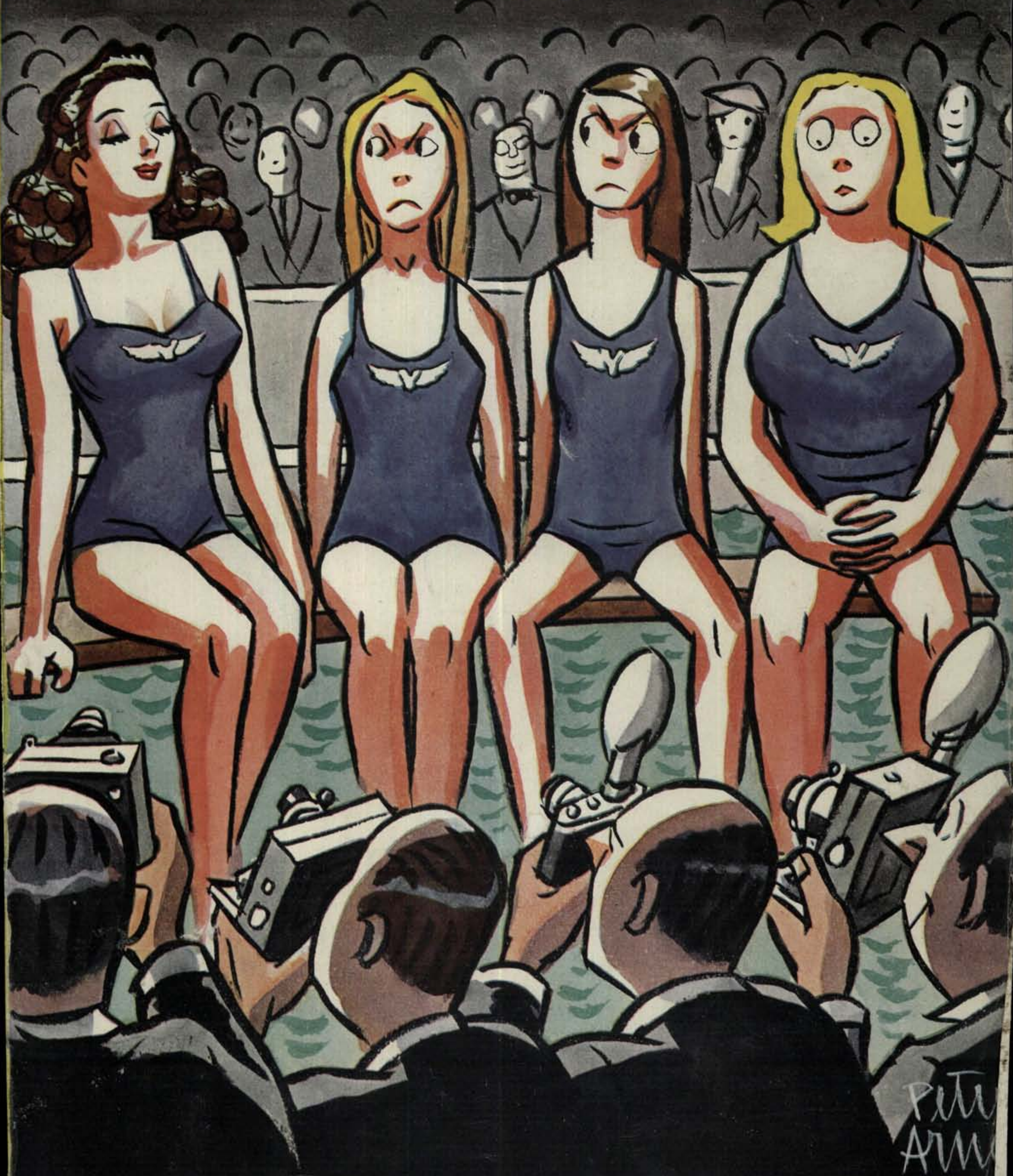

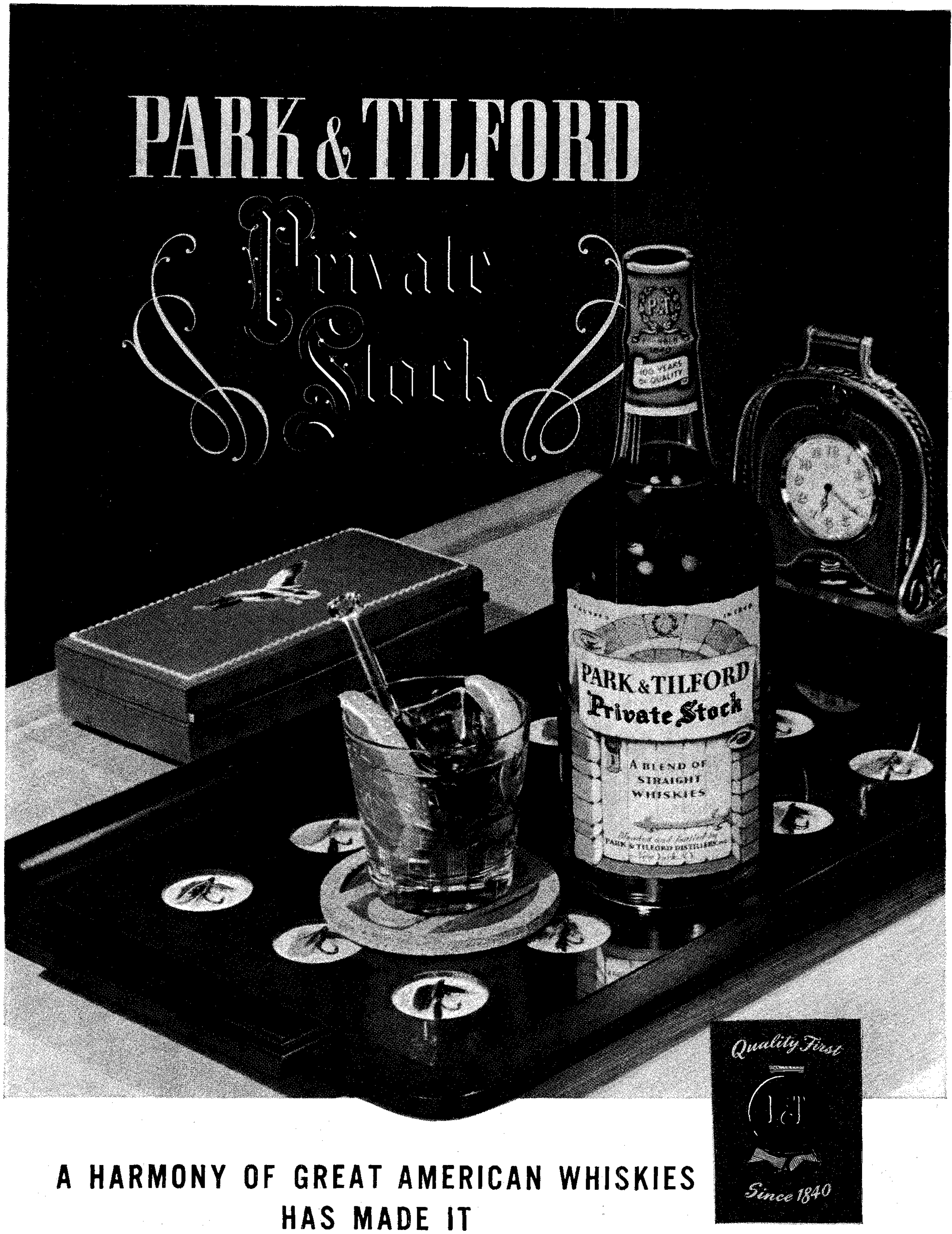
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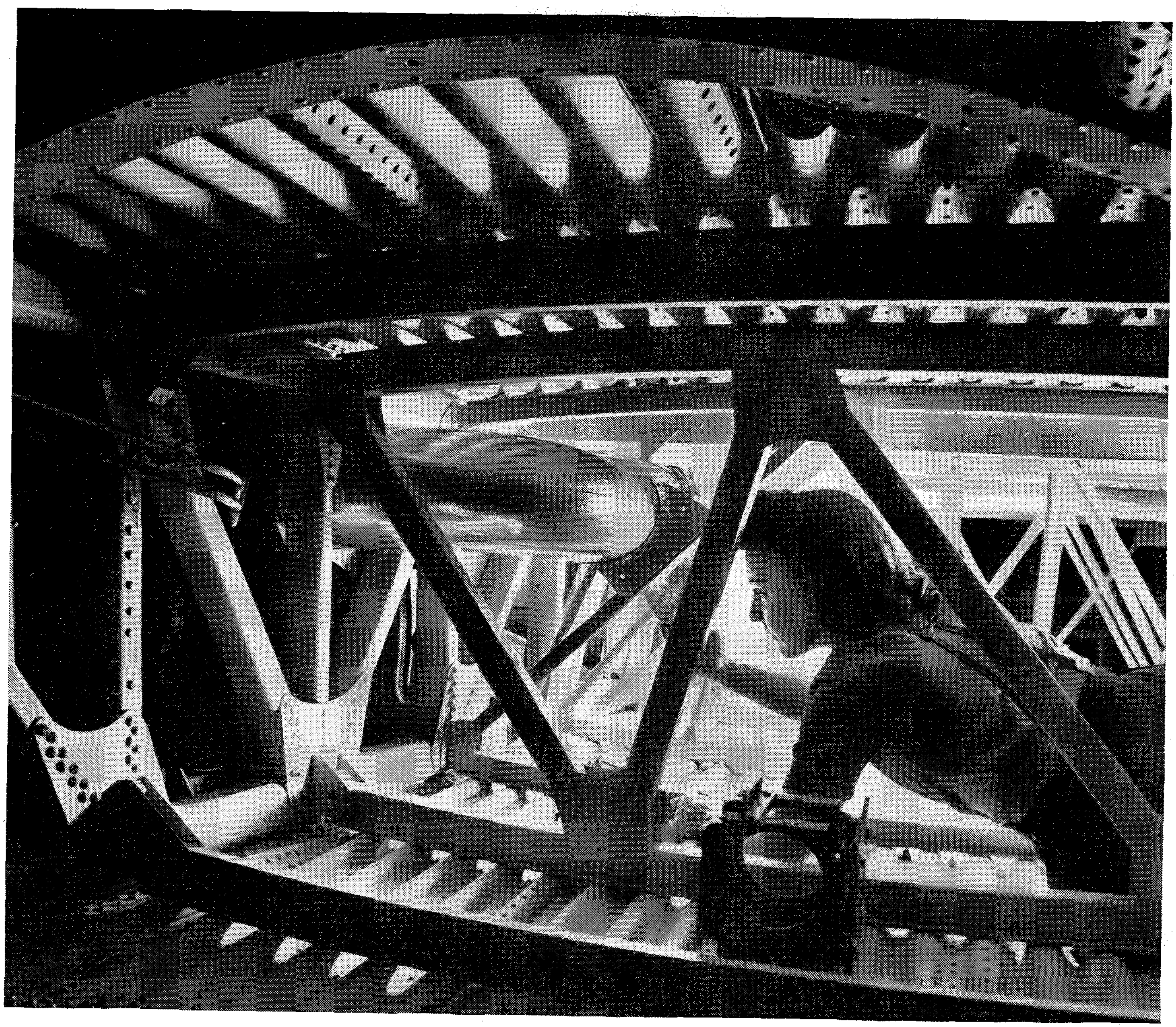

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Wing of battle

The pilot said, "I looked out at our right wing and saw it was all shot to hell. There were holes everywhere. A couple of them were shell holes—big enough to drive a sheep through. The other wing was all shot up, too."

But with two engines knocked out, with rudder and stabilizers torn by exploding shells, half of the controls shot away . . . the Boeing Flying Fortress fought off 40 Focke-Wulfs and made her way home safely to England.*

THAT TRIP really started on a drafting board in the Boeing plant at Seattle, where the wing you here see under construction was designed.

It is rather a remarkable wing. For one thing, it is today carrying double the load it was originally intended for . . . including bomb loads ranging up to 10 *tons,* equaling or surpassing any other bomber now in service.

The enemy have found it a difficult wing to put out of commission. Axis pilots have learned that even when they pump hundreds of bullets into a Fortress wing, it does not collapse. One reason is that Boeing distributes the stresses in such a way as to minimize the effect of damage in any one locality; the enemy can shoot pieces out, but can seldom destroy the wing entirely. Such a wing might appear difficult to manufacture, but Boeing builds them in large numbers with a minimum of man-hours — a tribute to Boeing production engineering.

Some day Boeing skills in research, design, engineering and production will be turned once more to products of peace. And then, as now, you may know of any product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay play, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Three carefree Russians descend on a Long Island household with comic results. Tamara Geva and Elena Miramova play a large part in all the uproar. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 31.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes resumes her rôle as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Re-opens Mon., Aug. 2. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Miriam Hopkins, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne have replaced Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winner. Not quite as exciting as it was before, but still well worth your while. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Those Endearing Young Charms—The problem of whether or not young women ought to yield to soldiers, discussed at considerable length. Zachary Scott and Virginia Gilmore conduct most of the debate. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Mon., Aug. 2, to the Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

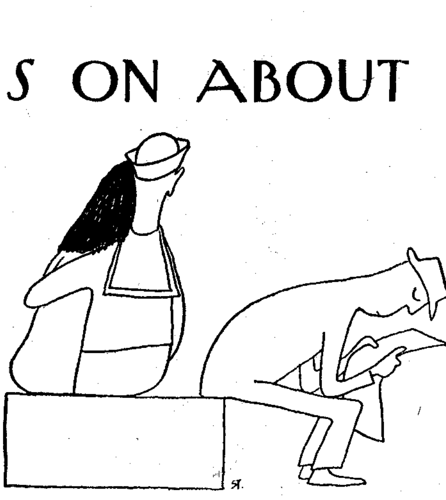
Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bullfighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard assist, and there is characteristic music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rowdy, funny, and occasionally handsome show. Bobby Clark has been replaced by Professor Lamberti, and Gypsy Rose Lee returns to the cast on Mon., Aug. 2. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of a mysteriously successful operetta of the twenties. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, and Sigmund Romberg are all names you ought to remember if you don't. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

The Vagabond King—Another old-timer turns up, this one with John Brownlee and Rudolf Friml's music. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and sometimes funny. Milton Berle leads a cast that includes Arthur Treacher and Nadine Gae (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35)

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THE NEW YORKER
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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Try and Get It—A comedy by Sheldon Davis, with Margaret Early, Iris Hall, and Donald Murphy Staged by Frank Merlin and produced by A. H. Woods. Opens Mon., Aug. 2. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40 Mats Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Elisabeth Bergner and Victor Jory in a melodrama by Martin Vale. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by Robert Reud and Paul Czinner. Opens Tues., Aug. 3. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Merry Widow—A modernized version of the Franz Lehar operetta, with Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura. Staged by Felix Brentano and produced by the New Opera Company. Opens Wed., Aug 4. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30)

MISCELLANY

The Army Play-by-Play—A two-week return engagement of five one-act plays written, acted, and directed by soldiers. Sponsored by the Second Service Command and John Golden as a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. Opens Mon., Aug. 2. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Spangles—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a charming greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue surrounded by ferns and fountains. Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also the Golden Gate Quartet, dances by Beatrice and Evelyn Kraft, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Strictly Manhattan palm trees with a show that includes Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Not lapped by any waves, even at high tide, but still refreshing. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, a well-appointed place of large dimensions, offers Fred and Elaine Barry, a mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Larry Siry's orchestra and, through Thurs., Aug. 5, Maurice and Cordoba.

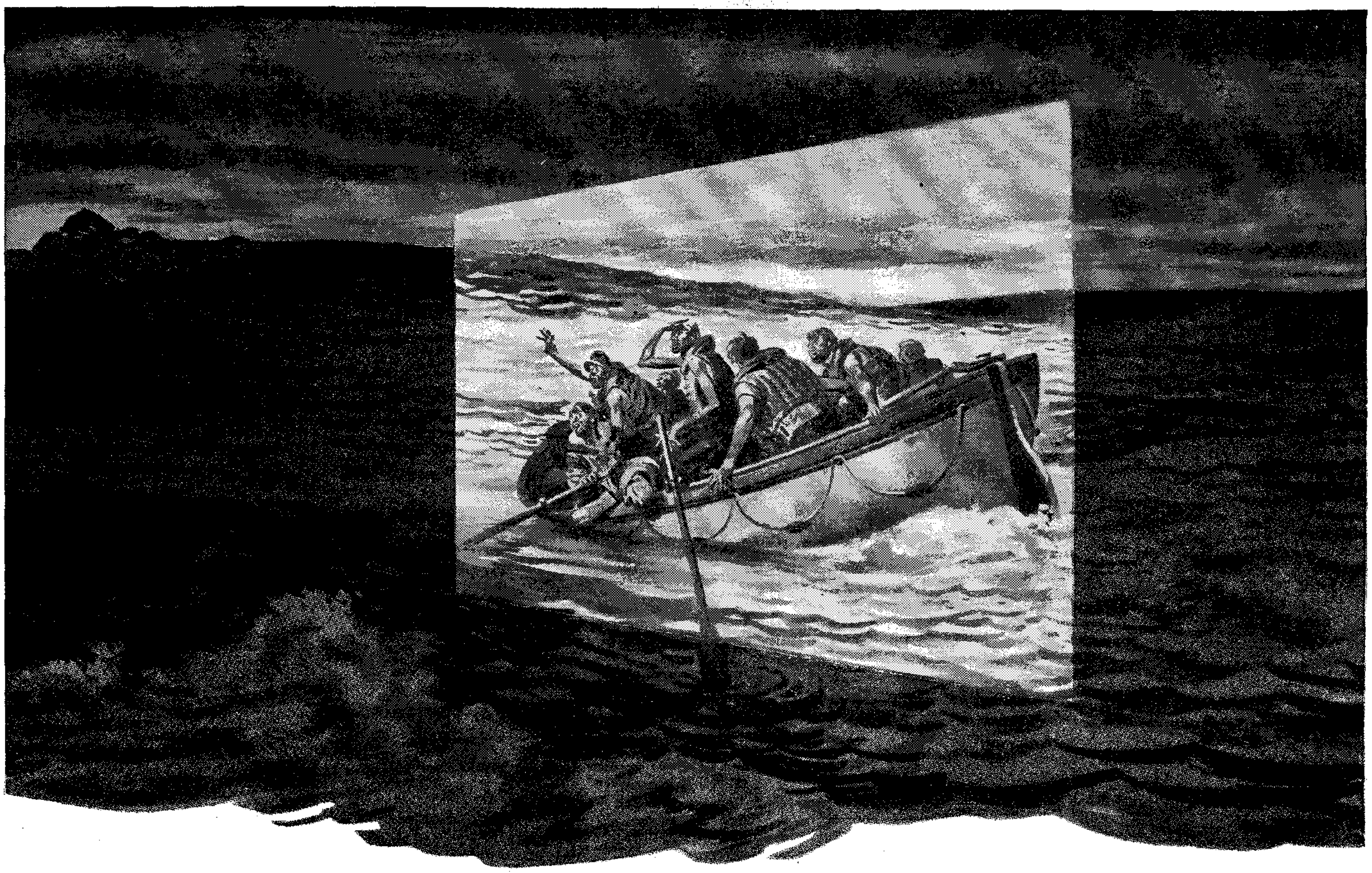
St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this charming room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 24, July 31, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



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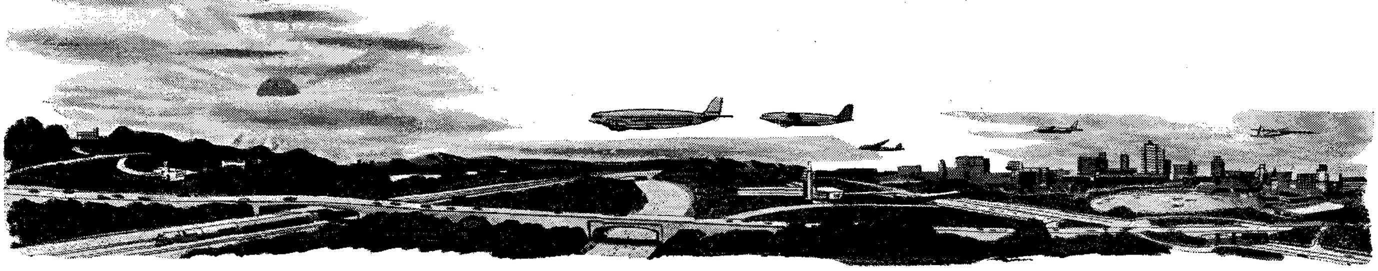

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Reisman's orchestra is on the Starlight Roof. Morton Downey and Mischa Borr's orchestra are on hand for the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): an intimate spot with a show that has variety as well as intimacy. . . . BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Natalie Bodanya, Joshua White, and the Leonard Ware Trio are among those who keep things going in this attractive spot. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the only roof where Spivy can be found playing the piano and singing her repertory of rough-and-ready songs. . . . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show headed by Charles Weidman. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . CASBAH, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Mickey Monte's orchestra and a small show. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show that includes Charles Baum's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's other entertainment, too. . . . COCOANUT GROVE, 7 Ave. at 55 (CI 7-8000): Cab Calloway and his band head the show here. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the present show is headed by Georgie Price. . . . FOLIES BERGÈRE, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): a big show with Willie Howard and girls galore; Eddie South's orchestra. . . . CAFÉ ZANZIBAR, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment with some big and some fair-sized names, including Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and Maurice Rocco; Don Redman's orchestra. . . . LA CONGA, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and some entertainers. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with Antonio and Rosario and a rumba band.

Mostly for Music—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Mary Lou Williams, Frankie Newton's orchestra, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and Eddie Condon. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday returns on Fri., July 30, and Roy Eldridge's band stays on through Sun., Aug. 1. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

Al-Fresco—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.

ART

Drawings—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul César Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 31.

French—At the NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: eighteen paintings, never before shown, by such French artists as Arbit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, and Maurice Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings of summer scenes by Boucher, Fragonard, Renoir, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 7.

Groups—At the KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave. at 57: a new summer show by Guy Pène du Bois, Louis Bouché, Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles and a number of other modern American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 13. . . . MORTIMER BRANDT, 50 E. 57: works by Francis Chapin, Vaclav Vytlacil, Cameron Booth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Rudolf Jacobi, José de Creeft, and other artists in this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other earlier American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 15); also, an exhibit of works in all media by contemporary Chilean artists, arranged by the Toledo Museum of Art (through Sat., July 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Ten newly-acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others (through Sept. 15); thirty oils by Morris Hirshfield, the self-taught resident of Brooklyn who started painting at the age of sixty-five (through Sun., Aug. 1). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Old and Modern Masters—At the ANDRE SELIGMANN, 15 E. 57: a new exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by European and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 6. . . . LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: a group show of oils by mostly European artists from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 27.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic Symphony—Conductors: Efrem Kurtz, Thurs. through Mon., July 29-Aug. 2; Max Steiner, Tues., Aug. 3; Alexander Smallens, Wed., Aug. 4. . . . Soloists: Yehudi Menuhin, July 29; Ania Dorfmann and Jennie Tourel, July 31; Frank Sinatra, Aug. 3. Balance of program to be announced. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Museum Concert—Alix Young Maruchess in a viola recital, Sun., Aug. 1, at 4 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. RH 4-7690.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Naumberg Orchestra, Emerson Buckley conducting; soloist, Winifred Heidt: Sat., July 31, at 8:15 P.M. . . . League of Composers in collaboration with the National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting: Tues., Aug. 3, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Goldman Band: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30.

OPERA

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. and Fri., July 29-30, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sat., July 31, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., Aug. 1 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., Tues., Aug. 3 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri., Aug. 6, at 5 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 7, at 2:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 6-7, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Saratoga Meeting at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Aug. 28. (The United States Hotel Stakes and the Wilson Handicap, July 31; the Alabama, Aug. 4; the Saratoga Special and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, Aug. 7.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station daily between 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.

Tennis—Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7.

Trotting—Weekdays at Empire City, at 5:30 P.M., starting Thurs., July 29. Trains will leave Grand Central daily at 2:50, 4:08, and 4:35 P.M.

Yachting—Championship race on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C., Sun., Aug. 1, at about 1 P.M. . . . Marblehead Race Week, Sat. through Sat., July 31-Aug. 7.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 17. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with scale models of wind-tunnels and engines, fliers' equipment, and machine guns (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of photomurals of wartime life in both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans (through Sept. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams portraying the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

Planetarium—"The Answers in the Sky" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

On the Air—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloist, Marjorie Lawrence, Sun., Aug. 1, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting; soloist, Alexander Brailowsky, Sun., Aug. 1, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Stadium Concerts, Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30, WNYC. . . . League of Composers Concert, Leon Barzin conducting, Tues., Aug. 3, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Racing: Wilson Handicap, Sat., July 31, and Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, Sat., Aug. 7, at 4:15 P.M., WOR, WEAF, and WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio,

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
CIGARETTES
LUCKY
STRIKE

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

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Wartime Guide to Grand Central Terminal

STEP FROM the heart of New York into the cathedral-like beauty of Grand Central Terminal.

Here beneath this high, blue-vaulted ceiling now pass some 54,000,000 travelers a year. Boys on their way to war, watched to the train gates by bravely smiling parents. Workers journeying to war jobs in faraway cities. Business leaders speeding to win production battles.

Together they form part of the greatest traffic America's railroads have ever carried. A tremendous task, vital to Victory, and rich in promise for the future.

Out of this experience will be born the finer rail transport of tomorrow . . . when Grand Central Terminal will echo to the footsteps of a free, victorious people bound on swift errands of peace.

❶ 14,800 QUESTIONS AN HOUR
Terminal information men now answer as many as 14,800 questions an hour. To save holding up ticket lines, get information *in advance* at this booth or by telephone.

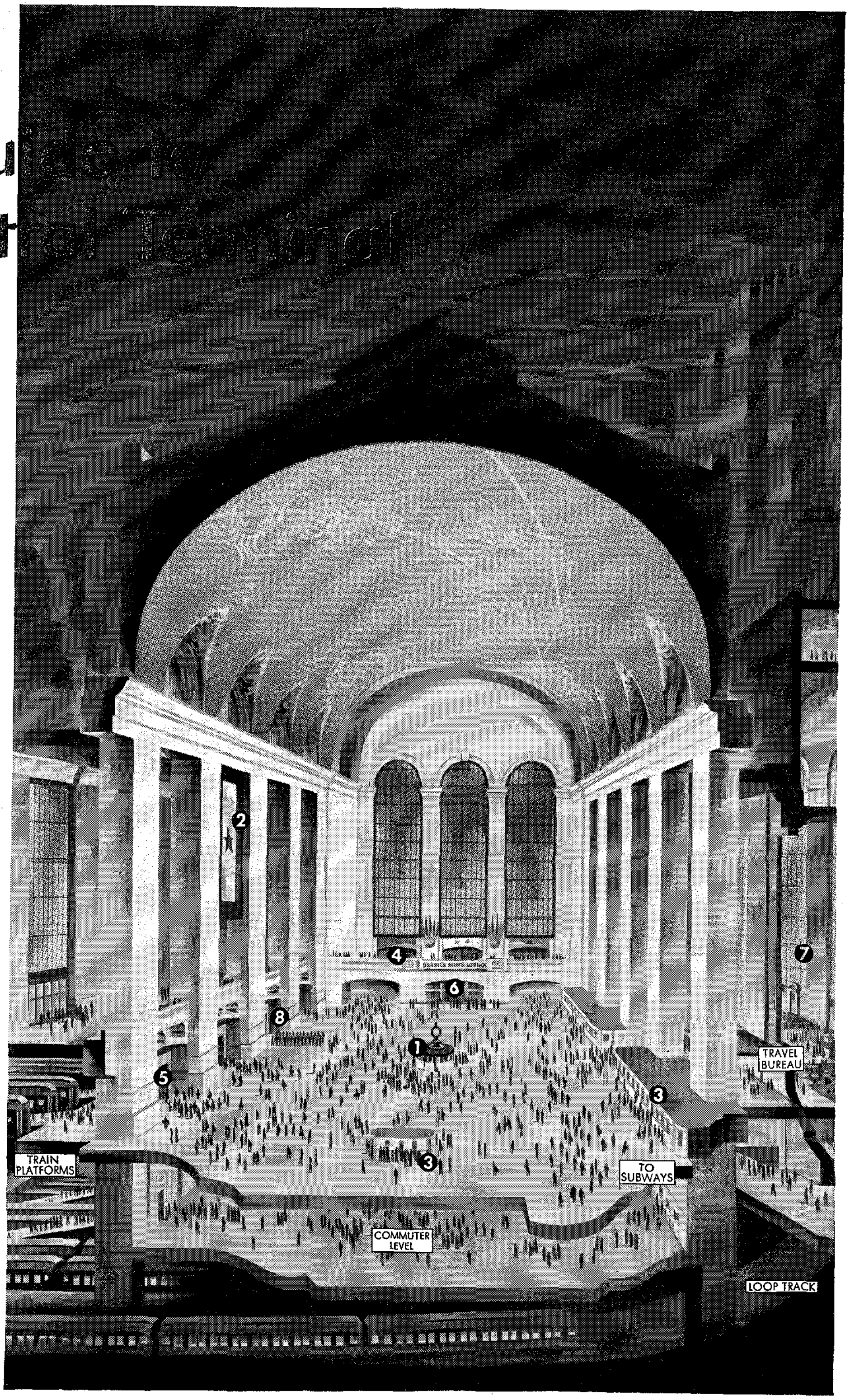
❷ GRAND CENTRAL SERVICE FLAG
Honors 21,314 New York Central employees. Thousands of other Central workers have sons and daughters in uniform . . . an added drive behind this railroad's war effort.

❸ TICKET OFFICE 90% BUSIER
Though we've added extra windows and personnel to meet the rush, war-wise travelers prefer to buy tickets at quieter mid-morning and early evening hours.

❹ SERVICE MEN'S LOUNGE
This lounge is busiest on weekends when thousands travel on furlough. To give them room on weekend trains, plan trips you *must* make for *mid-week*.

❺ 54,000,000 PASSENGERS A YEAR
Through these train gates pass a record number of essential passengers . . . including many thousands of former auto travelers who must now be carried by train.

❻ BAGGAGE CHECKING COUNTER
Some 150,000 pieces of baggage a month are now checked through Grand Central. People have learned to travel light, checking larger luggage, carrying only *one small grip* on crowded trains.



❼ MAIN WAITING ROOM
Here some traveler may have to wait for a later train if *you fail to cancel an unwanted reservation promptly.* These days, cancel reservations the *minute* your plans change.

❽ TROOPS ON THE MOVE
Half the nation's Pullmans and 30% of its coaches are busy moving 2,000,000 troops a month. One more reason railroads can't always provide the accommodations you want.

FREE WARTIME GUIDE TO GRAND CENTRAL
A fascinating booklet that takes you behind the scenes of the Terminal. Write Passenger Dept., Room 1261A, 466 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

New York Central

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 10:30 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Mon. and Thurs., at 10 P.M., WOR; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Long but eventful tribute to the Merchant Marine, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., July 30. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Aug. 2. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 1-2.)

BATAAN—Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, and others carry out a realistic delaying action in the Philippines. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 31. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86, and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Aug. 2.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—A conscientious new interpretation of the much-interpreted novel, with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Norwegians vs. Germans on an occasionally titanic scale. With Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and so on. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., July 30. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 4-5.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—A lively, if improbable, account of the eviction of the Germans from Egypt, notable for Erich von Stroheim's all-out performance as Rommel. There's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., July 30. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., July 31. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77, and Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Aug. 2. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., July 30-Aug. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 1-3.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

HERS TO HOLD—One of those light Deanna Durbin vehicles with songs and a certain amount of sentiment. Assisting Miss Durbin are Joseph Cotten and Charles Winninger. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—Saroyan looks at life and finds it, as usual, irreproachable. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and an admirable child named Jack Jenkins. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 31. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 1-3. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Tues., Aug. 3.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—Comedy in the cramped quarters of Washington, involving Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Aug. 4. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., July 31-Aug. 2. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3-4. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 4-7.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT—A good grim one about a lynching in the West, adapted from the novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. With Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Mary Beth Hughes, Frank Conroy, and others. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 2. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3-4.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—An all-Army cast, along with George Murphy, Joan Leslie, Ronald Reagan, and Kate Smith, in a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. Opened too late for review in this issue. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THIS LAND IS MINE—Just about the definitive picture of life in an occupied country, with Charles Laughton, Walter Slezak, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 1-4. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 3-5. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 4-7.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney gives you a colorful lecture, with maps and animation, on the potentialities of bombing. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 29.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 2.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 29.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JULY 29,
THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (1941)—Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young in the adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 29. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., July 30-31.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., July 29.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3-4.)

LOVE ME FOREVER (1935)—Grace Moore singing and Leo Carrillo gambling. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 4-5.)

REAP THE WILD WIND (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3-4. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 3-5.)

SAN FRANCISCO (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and the earthquake. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 2.)

SON OF FURY (1942)—Old-fashioned fiery adventure in old England and on the South Seas. Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 1-2.)

STAND-IN (1937)—A satire on Hollywood, with Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., July 31-Aug. 2.)

SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Joan Crawford as Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. With Fredric March. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 2-3.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble. With George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3-4.)

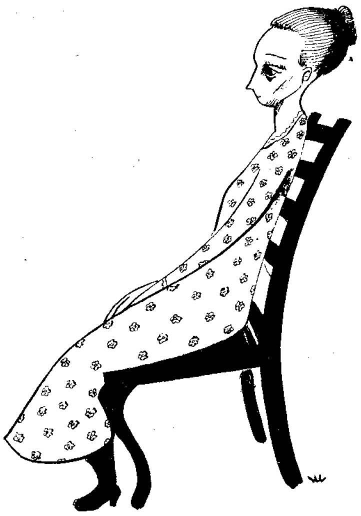
TORTILLA FLAT (1942)—The Steinbeck novel about California *paisanos*. Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., July 29.)

UNION PACIFIC (1939)—A huge panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3-4.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THROUGH SAT., JULY 31: four short American factual films (1917-1940) and an early travelogue of Seville (1909). SUN. THROUGH SAT., AUG. 1-7: eight short dance sequences from various films (1909-1936), featuring, among others, Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—According to the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, there is still an urgent need for many men and women to fill emergency jobs. The Manhattan headquarters of the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), is prepared to assign residents of this borough to wartime tasks and also help them sign up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)



Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in war agencies.

SALVAGE—Urgently needed right now is kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Rubber is no longer wanted for salvage, but the government is still asking civilians to save and turn in rags and tin cans and other scrap metal. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Turn any tin cans you have over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. To facilitate handling, it is best to flatten cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The set-ups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the Defense Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 193). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave. at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, motion picture projectors, and table tennis and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be made into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)

Photographed at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, King's Point, N. Y.

America's new frontiersmen

They're swell kids! In crack schools, they're learning the modern ways to master the sea—the first American boys in nearly a century to find a really promising opportunity in a U. S. merchant marine career!

It took an Act of Congress to supply the opportunity. For, over the years, the U. S. had fallen to 8th place among nations in modern merchant shipping. Most of our trade traveled in foreign vessels!

The momentous Merchant Marine Act of 1936, in one bold move, revived our shipbuilding, encouraged U. S. ownership and operation of shipping lines—and called for "*a trained and efficient citizen personnel.*"

Today, under the supervision of the War Shipping Administration, Uncle Sam trains 25,000 men at a time as officers and engineers, seamen and cooks, pharmacists and supercargoes. "Landlubbers" learn basic seamanship and specialist skills. Experienced men prepare for licensed officer berths. And the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps turns out alert officers by the thousand.

American Export Lines have welcomed hundreds of this new seafaring generation. To their courage and stamina and top-notch training, we can add the rich experience of more than 20 years of service along Mediterranean, Black Sea and Indian Ocean routes. Our ships, in time of peace, set marks for them to aim at: new speed, service, and the innovation of *time-table schedules.* And they'll beat them!

We know that they—and the 120,000 more men needed this year—will proudly carry through with the tremendous responsibility of supplying Democracy's many fronts. And that, when peace comes, they'll man an American fleet that will make history on all the world's sea-lanes.

The U. S. Merchant Marine needs men — apply at your nearest U. S. Employment Service Office.

American Export Lines
25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4

American Export Airlines, too, shorten supply lines to our fighting fronts

The Evening Bulletin
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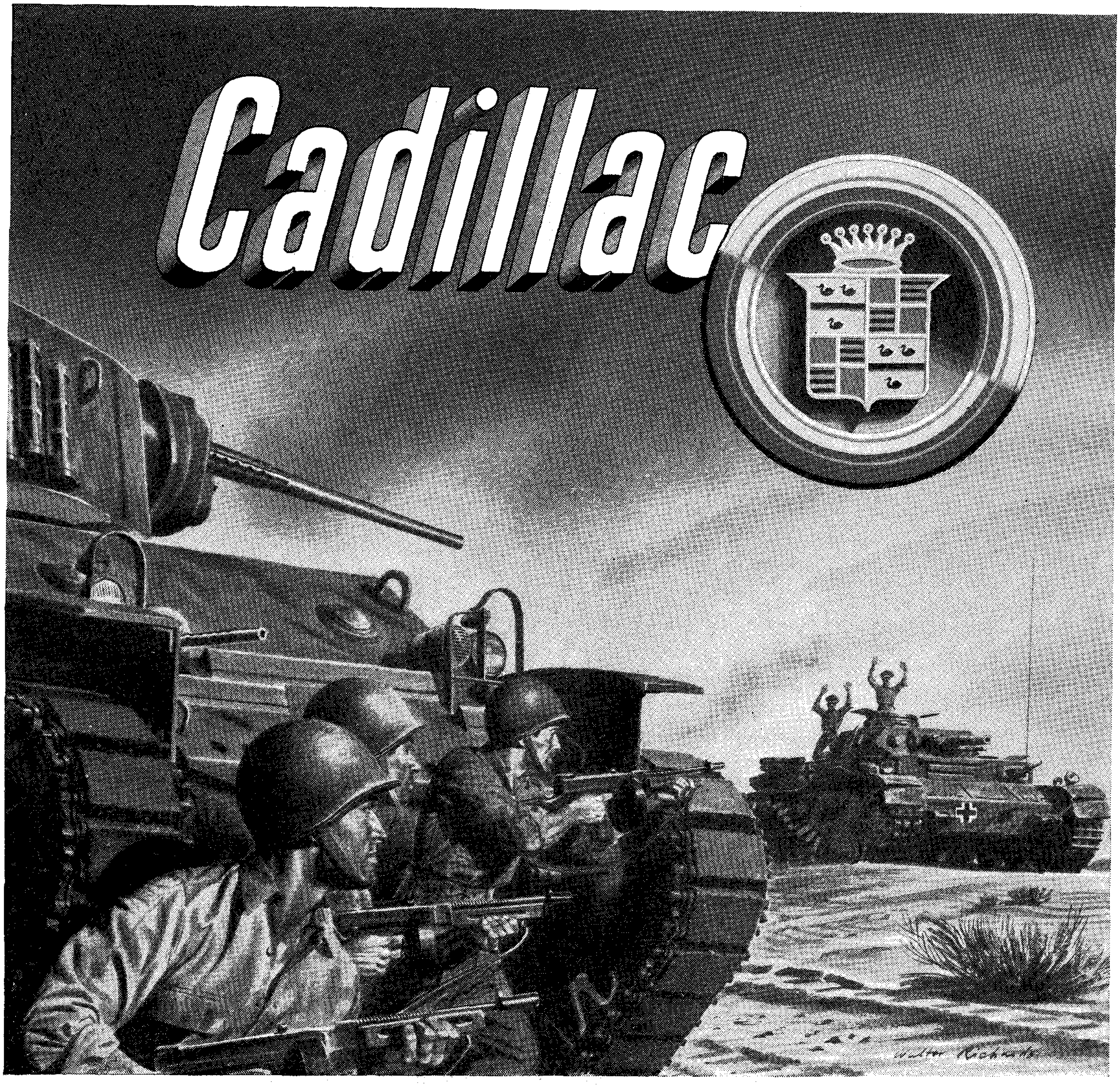
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Our interest, naturally, is in the 4 out of 5 Philadelphia families who prefer to *read* about the heat (and other items of moment) in their favorite newspaper—The Evening Bulletin. Care to delve with us in this matter of reader interest? Surveys show that Philadelphians read The Bulletin an average of 53 minutes daily, which goes to explain why The Bulletin is more interesting to advertisers than any other Philadelphia daily paper. Incidentally, The Bulletin has the largest evening newspaper circulation★ in America.

(Advertisement)

★ *Circulation over 600,000.*



Making its mark..on a Nazi Mark IV

OUTMANEUVERED at every turn by the harrying tactics of a squadron of high speed American M-5 light tanks, this formidable Nazi Mark IV tank has been immobilized by a well placed hit in its vital mechanism.

The M-5 has been in production at the Cadillac Motor Car Division for over a year. But so perfectly was this military secret kept that few outside Cadillac plants knew of its existence before it swept into battle.

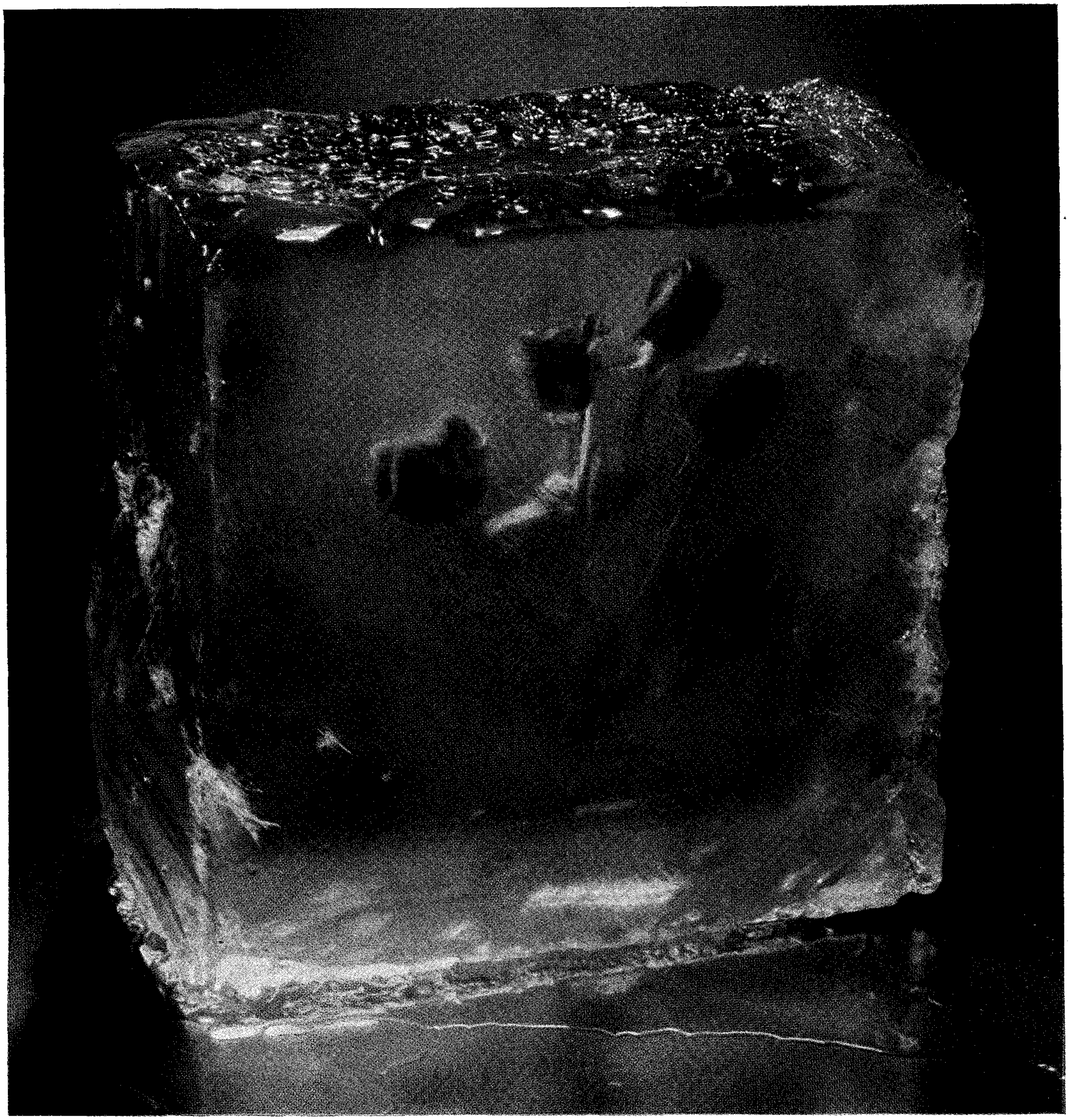
Army Ordnance engineers, familiar with every phase of tank operation, joined forces with Cadillac engineers in developing the M-5. As a result, the M-5 incorporates all that is latest and best in light tank practice plus two innovations from Cadillac peacetime engineering. This accounts for its high speed and great maneuverability.

Likewise entrusted to us are more than 170 vital parts manufactured to extremely close tolerances for America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine. These and other assignments on which Cadillac craftsmen are engaged to the fullest production capacity in our history are war production jobs which take full advantage of all that the Cadillac reputation and tradition imply.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Though many a cake of ice has come and gone since this advertisement first appeared, 3 years ago, it's *still* a grand way to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon. What matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

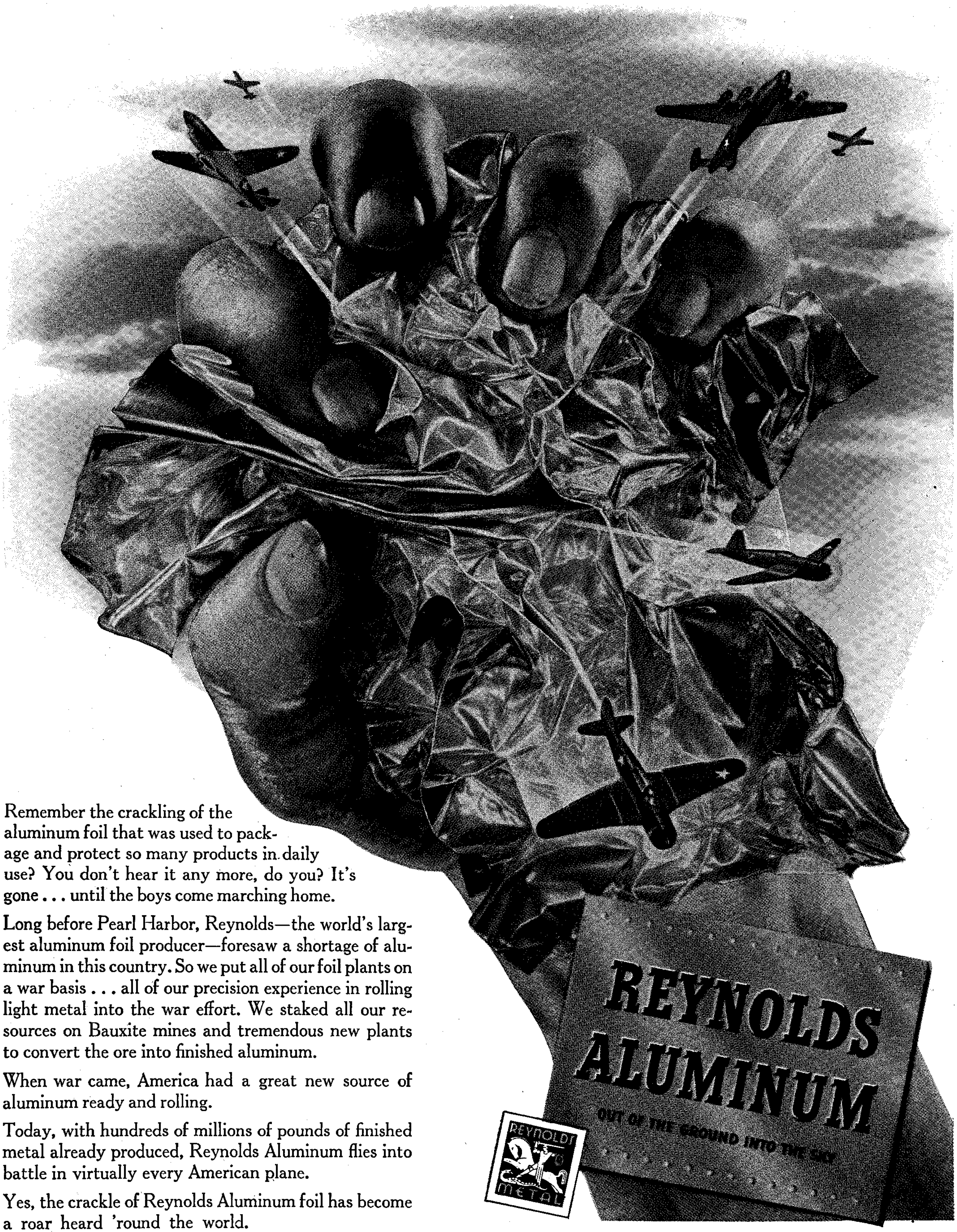
FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to Our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

The Crackle that Grew to a Roar!



Remember the crackling of the aluminum foil that was used to package and protect so many products in daily use? You don't hear it any more, do you? It's gone . . . until the boys come marching home.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Reynolds—the world's largest aluminum foil producer—foresaw a shortage of aluminum in this country. So we put all of our foil plants on a war basis . . . all of our precision experience in rolling light metal into the war effort. We staked all our resources on Bauxite mines and tremendous new plants to convert the ore into finished aluminum.

When war came, America had a great new source of aluminum ready and rolling.

Today, with hundreds of millions of pounds of finished metal already produced, Reynolds Aluminum flies into battle in virtually every American plane.

Yes, the crackle of Reynolds Aluminum foil has become a roar heard 'round the world.

REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY • **General Offices, Richmond, Va.** • **Parts Division, Louisville, Ky.** • **37 PLANTS IN 13 STATES**

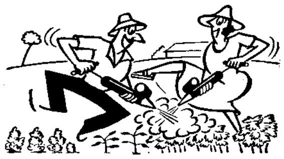
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

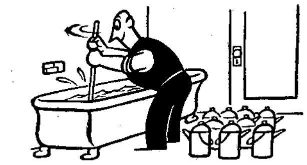
NOTE BROUGHT BY A WHITE DOVE: Gimbels is closing out blackout shades at drastically reduced prices.

A SOMEWHAT deadly aspect of the farm scene right now is the insecticide business, and we are sorry we feel compelled to mention it. Eager new gardeners are certain to apply the poison with incomparable abandon. We got a gay letter from the National Victory Garden Institute the other day, breaking the news that almost all sprays and dusts this year will be of the strictly poisonous variety. It appears that there is only a limited supply of non-toxic stuff like rotenone, but arsenate of lead is still available in all its lush abundance. "On such crops as string beans," writes the Institute, "spraying or dusting should stop if possible a week or ten days before picking." (Apparently some growers are such addicts that they can't stop even if they want to.) Ten years seems to us a more logical interval than ten days, but we are in the minority about this; most consumers rather enjoy a bit of lead with their broccoli. We know one victim, though, who speaks from stern experience. He says the agony is awful. He got his dose of lead from beet tops.

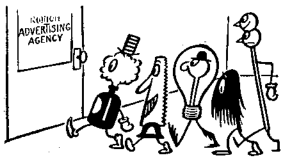


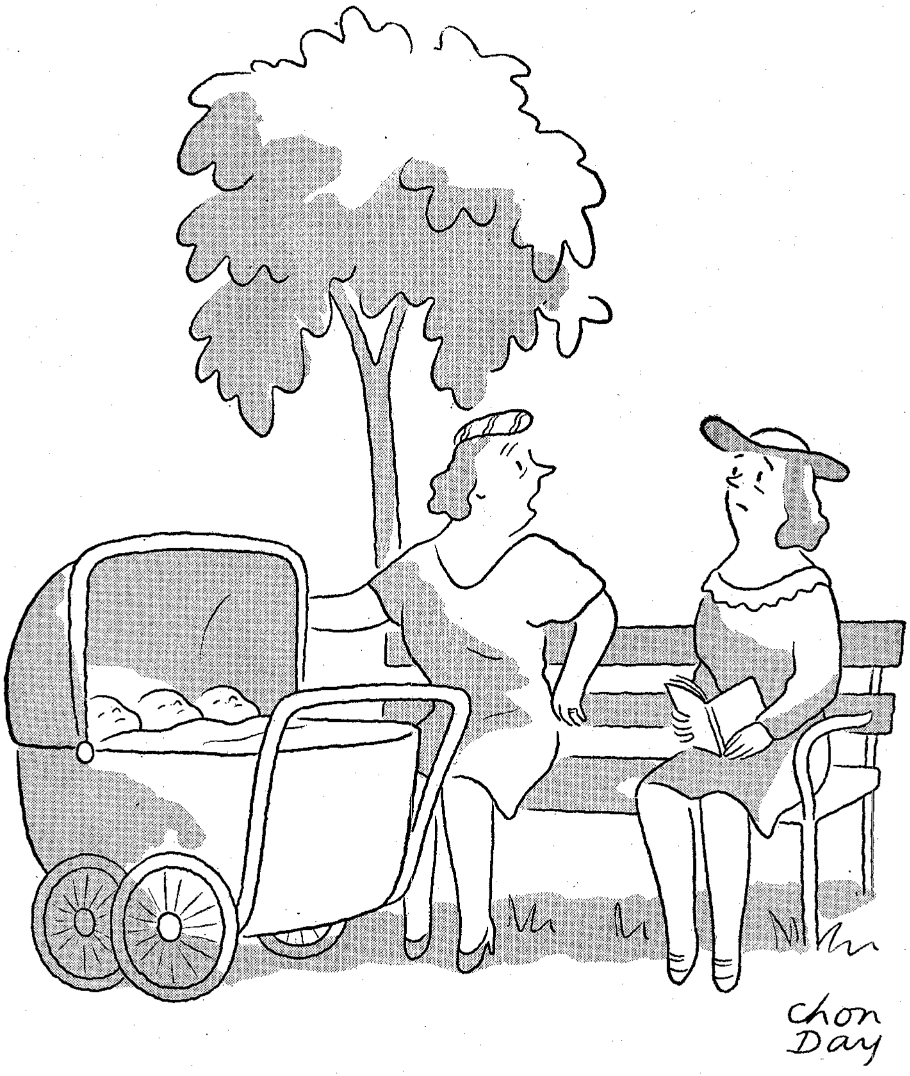
By the way, did you know that even honey sometimes contains a liberal dash of killer dust? Bees go right for blueberry blossoms in blueberry time, and in many localities blueberry growers are required by law to apply poison to their bushes. The little bee wipes the seat of his pants on pollen and poison alike, and wends his straight little way home.

AN automobile mechanic in Philadelphia has developed his own unrationed gasoline substitute from an unnamed ingredient that can be bought in paint stores and a dash of "this and that." He calls it "motor brew" and it gives him twenty to twenty-five miles to the gallon. Naturally, he refuses to reveal his formula, and drives merrily around Philadelphia and to the Jersey seashore with complete freedom. In the several days that have elapsed since we read of the situation, no serious complications seem to have developed, but we have had a few bad moments, foreseeing that a thing like this might easily lead the American public into the greatest orgy of slapdash home mixing since Prohibition. Desperate A-card holders, we feared, would start putting anything into the gasoline tanks of their cars and mixing it with anything else on the lovely, remote chance that the machine would suddenly start and go. The end of it all, we figured, would come when some inspired experimenter discovered that a mixture of two parts Postum to one part Chanel No. 5 would run a car beautifully, giving a consistent thirty-two miles to the gallon and smelling faintly of gardenias.



ONE of the things we like least about advertising is its addiction to representing abstract ideas in the form of little men. For some time we have quietly put up with Baume Bengué's little fiend Peter Pain and Canada Dry's Mr. Melting Ice, but now the vogue seems to be spreading. The Du Mont Laboratories recently took a full-page ad in the *Times* to show the electron as a gay little man in a top hat and cutaway, combining with a beautiful girl in evening dress named Miss Nucleus to form a hydrogen atom, racing through a vacuum tube with other little men until stopped by Sergeant Grid, and even climbing into Dorothy Lamour's eye. All this was to explain the facts of television. The Bell System has been using a telephone with arms, legs, and a workingman's cap to personify long-distance service, and the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company has developed a terrifying character with a monocle named Mr. Government Reserve Synthetic Rubber—or, more briefly, Mr. G. R. S. Rubber—a temperamental fellow who must be handled in a much different fashion from Mr. Natural C. Rubber. What worries us about all this is its effect on the present generation of children, sharp-eyed tots who tend to pick up learning where they can. Will they enter adolescence believing that the second law of thermodynamics is a little man in a burglar's mask named Mr. Melting Ice, who goes around pouring water out of a watering can into highballs not made with Canada Dry, or that the highly complicated neural reaction we know as "pain" is actually a grinning little devil who jabs people with a pitchfork until Baume Bengué exorcises him? Does a mental picture of the electron as a minute particle of energy stand a chance against a mental picture of Mr. Electron and Miss Nucleus spotlighted in their hydrogen love nest? We don't know the answers, but we wish that advertising men would at least stop to think of





"You've no idea what I had to go through to get this buggy!"

* *

questions like these before they started messing around.

That Belgian

BACK in January, 1942, we printed a timid little story that skimmed over the accomplishments of a versatile Belgian refugee named Robert Goffin. M. Goffin is still terrific—six feet two inches tall, two hundred and forty-five pounds in weight, and capable of lifting four men at once; a former Belgian criminal lawyer; a checkers champion; a lecturer at the New School on *le jazz hot*; the author of authoritative volumes on rats, spiders, eels, gastronomy, and genealogy; an expert ice skater; and a successful playwright who has collaborated with Maurice Maeterlinck. What drew us once more into this vortex of talent was the fact that Goffin has written, and Brentano has published, a work entitled "De Pierre Minuit aux Roosevelt: L'Epopée Belge aux Etats-Unis," which proves, to its own satisfaction, that Franklin Roosevelt is, on both sides of his family, of Belgian and not of Dutch ancestry. Goffin naturally thinks this is good.

According to Goffin, whom we have again interviewed, you have to start with the Duke of Alba, who invaded Belgium from Italy back in the sixteenth century, when straight-thinking people would have laughed at the idea of a fourth term. The Duke was Catholic, and he chased all the Protestant Walloons into Holland. In time the names of these Holland-dwelling Walloons acquired Dutch spelling and pronunciation; for instance, the Martins began to spell their name Marten. Later the Walloons were influential in the Dutch colonies in the New World. In 1624, a whole boatload of them, including a Marten family, reached Manhattan Island. Apparently they had a voting majority, since the town on the tip of the island was afterward officially named Nouvelle-Belgique. Now, to pick up the name Roosevelt, one of its early forms was Rosenvelt, and before that it was Martenszen van Rosenvelt—Martin's son from Rosenvelt. Genealogists generally explain the Rosenvelt by saying it was the name of a Dutch village, but no amount of investigation has been able to turn up a seventeenth-century Dutch village of that name. Goffin says, however, that Rosenvelt was a farm village three miles up the Hudson, near what is now Fourteenth Street, and it's his idea that the descendants of the first Manhattan Marten, all of whom called themselves Martenszen, were so numerous that the ones who lived uptown took to calling themselves Martenszen van Rosenvelt, to distinguish themselves from the downtown Martenszens; later the name became just Rosenvelt, then Roosevelt.

Taking up the maternal, or Delano, branch of the family, M. Goffin told us that the name means "of nuts;" originally it was spelled Delanoy. The Delanoys were Belgian Catholics, but certain members of the family became Protestants and then moved to Holland, also because of religious persecution. The Delanos, as the Delanoys became known in America, were represented on the second ship to reach the Massachusetts Bay Colony by a Phillipe Delanoy, and from him the Delano side of the President's family stems. "Thus the phenomenon that gave the world Roosevelt is completely Belgian," Goffin says. It's a triumph of genealogical research, all right, if such a thing counts as a triumph to an ice-skating and checker champion, a lifter of four men at once, a writer on eels and rats, a criminal lawyer, an exponent of *le jazz hot*, etc.

Variation on a Theme

SEND in the cute sayings of the F.B.I. men who come to see *you* about applicants for government posts; they may be worth big cash prizes! This week's winner concerns a G-man who struck as near the nub of the question as any we've heard of in a long time. "Tell me," he said, "does Mr. M—— ever express elation at Russian victories?"

Meat Without Bones

GOVERNOR DEWEY's announcement that only the soy bean stands between us New Yorkers and starvation made the soy as timely as Badoglio. We immediately sent out our man with instructions to get the soy story and spare no expense doing it, and he has submitted the following facts. In the first place, it is true that a diet of soy beans and water will sustain life indefinitely; Governor Dewey could live on soy beans and water until he becomes President. Last year 10,762,000 acres of farmland in the United States were sown to soy beans, yielding a crop of about twenty bushels an acre; this year the figures will probably show the acreage doubled or even tripled as the result of the soy's publicized ability to take the place of meat and other protein foods that are now hard to get. In this country the soy is considered chiefly an article of civilian diet, but it is also included in American military rations as an ingredient of such things as soups, gravies, and pie crusts. It's likely, too, that the German soldiers are getting it, if we may draw conclusions from the fact that in 1938 the German High Command published a soy-bean cook book, under the catchy title of "Speisenzusammenstellung unter Mitverwendung von Edelsoja mit Kochanweisungen" ("Soy-Bean Menus, with Recipes"). The bean curd, which various war correspondents have told us constitutes an important item of the Japanese soldier's field ration, is simply a preparation of soy-bean flour. Good for the little rats, too, since its caloric value is twice that of beef and its waste products have less tendency to poison the system and cause fatigue. In China as well as Japan, soy-bean curds are called "meat without bones."

In one form or another, the soy is as good for plants and animals as it is for people. Once stripped of its beans, the soy bush may be chopped up and used as green manure; it's lousy with nitrogen. The dried bean, if made into meal, is also a good fertilizer. Young hogs will gain weight before your eyes if fed on the soy bush. Allowed to go to hay, the bush, with its high protein content, will keep cows, horses, and sheep happy all winter. The dried bean makes a fine food for small pets. About twenty per cent of the weight of a soy bean is oil, which can be used for pretty much any purpose—illumination, salad dressing, butter substitute, and an ingredient of such a wide variety of manufactured items that the list would bore you. We will mention merely soap, candles, enamel, varnish, artificial rubber (won't stretch, but works fine as doormat material and the like), linoleum, dynamite, cordite, printing ink, and waterproof cement. By now you will not be surprised to learn that there is an American Soybean Association, which gets out a periodical called the *Soybean Digest.* A fairly common stunt among soy-bean enthusiasts is to give a banquet consisting entirely of soy products. The beans may be served as a green vegetable. Put in a warm, steamy place, they shoot out sprouts, which make a nice salad. Soy-bean flour makes good muffins. Mixed with ten parts water, it turns into a palatable milky drink. From this milk several kinds of cheese and something like buttermilk may be produced. The dried bean can be used as a breakfast cereal, or, roasted and ground, as a coffee substitute.

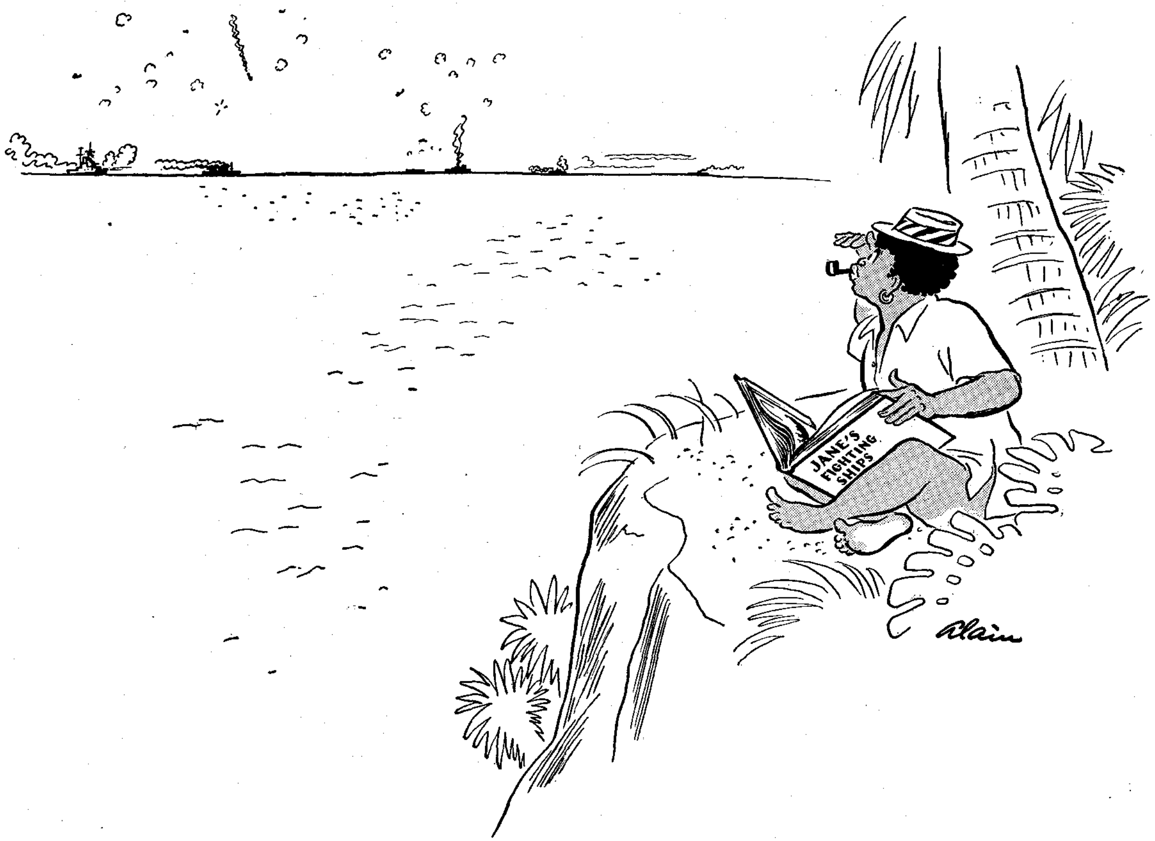
Soy meal with the oil removed has dozens of uses in industry. It forms a plastic, for one thing, and, for another, can be worked into paper and photographic film. Soy-bean glue is now the preferred adhesive for pine and fir plywood, from which the Mosquito bomber is made. Soy beans can also, of course, be put in beanbags.

Incentive

THE Fiftieth Street buses are popular rendezvous for smart New Yorkers these days, especially the eastbound ones between 5:30 and 7:30 P.M., and the drivers are aware of it. We crossed over from Fifth Avenue the other evening on a bus that got to the standing-room-only point by the time we reached Lexington Avenue. The driver kept urging the standees to get back and let 'em on, but nothing much happened. At length he turned around and said, with well-modulated reproof, "Some of you may have friends out there."

Clean Work

WHEN a white-bearded Danish Lutheran pastor of impeccable breeding and culture becomes a radio actor and a soap opera is written around his personality, that's news. It has happened, too. The apotheosized pastor is Dr. Alfred Dorf, a husky man in his late sixties who looks like Paul Muni in the final footage of a biographical characterization. He's on the air over WEAF and affiliated stations at ten-fifteen in the morning, Monday through Friday, in a Chase & Sanborn-spon-



sored item called "The Open Door." He's also the pastor of Our Savior's Church, in Brooklyn. In the radio serial, he plays Erik Hansen, dean of the fictitious Jefferson College, a lovable old busybody who gives people advice. Sometimes his parishioners buttonhole him and try to get advance tips on how the current complications of "The Open Door" are going to work out, but Dr. Dorf is honestly unable to tell them. As a matter of fact, the first thing he does when he arrives at the studio for the pre-broadcast rehearsal is skim quickly through the script to see what is going to befall him that day.

Dr. Dorf's was an unorthodox preparation indeed for the career of a radio actor. For one thing, he has never owned a pair of suede shoes in his life. He was born in Copenhagen something less than seventy years ago and was educated to be a minister in the state church. He got sidetracked into the Danish folk-school movement, which was based on the mystical idea of combining religion with the teaching of Danish history and traditions. He taught in folk schools in Denmark and in America and finally settled down in this country in 1911 with a wife he had married in Denmark. They have three sons, one of whom is a professor of geology at Princeton, and two daughters, one of whom is married to a professor of architecture at Princeton. Dr. Dorf has had parishes in Perth Amboy and Chicago as well as Brooklyn and has had a variety of outside jobs; he has been chief bibliographer at the University of Chicago, stack chief at the New York Public Library, and, during the last war, pastor of all the German prisoners interned in England. In addition to his radio acting, which is over at ten-thirty in the morning, he puts in a full day at his parish chores. The afternoon we talked with him, he had married a young Danish couple, christened a little girl, and preached a funeral sermon for a Dane lost at sea.

Dr. Dorf is still considerably bewildered when he thinks of how he happened to get into radio. It started, really, in 1916, when a little girl named Anna Marie Mickelsen joined the Sunday-school class in Dr. Dorf's church in Chicago. This little girl became great friends with one of Dorf's daughters, and eventually they roomed together at the University of Chicago. Then, though Dr. Dorf didn't hear about this until later, Anna Marie changed her name to Sandra Michael and became a terrific figure in the radio-script field. By last August, "Against the Storm," a serial she was writing, was being commended by such cultural authorities as the staff of *Time* as being less corny than lots of other soap operas. About this time, Dr. Dorf received a call from the studio, saying that Sandra Michael had recommended him for a part and did he want to try out? After he had found out who Sandra was, he consented to read for the part and got it without any trouble. "In my innocence I thought it was just for that one day," he told us. When they broke it to him that he was inextricably caught up in the story and could not get out until December, he was appalled. Among other things, he had to break a lot of lecture dates. His part was that of a Danish minister named Erik Hansen (Sandra, who of course is also the author of "The Open Door," apparently knows only one name for such a character) and the sequence he was in concerned the operations of the Danish underground. It went on and on. "For five months I was caught in the Danish underground movement," Dr. Dorf told us. "I have never been so out of my mind in my life." However, he was sufficiently mikestruck to subsequently respond to another call from Sandra, this time for the series written around him. Dr. Dorf's family and parishioners, and Dr. Dorf himself, are broad-minded about his new career. "It is clean work, and every day a new thing. What more could I ask?" he says.

Symptom

A Well-Preserved fellow of thirty-eight or a bit over received a card from his draft board the other morning, informing him that his classification was now 1-A (H). Never having heard of this particular category, he called his draft board to make inquiries. A bright feminine voice said that he was in 1-A. "The 'H' means that you're illegible for induction but probably won't be called up because you're over thirty-eight," the lady added. "What?" our friend said. "Illegible for induction," she repeated. Overcome by elfishness, he remarked, "Well, that means I'm blurry or hard to read." "That would be for the medical board to determine in your particular case," she told him.

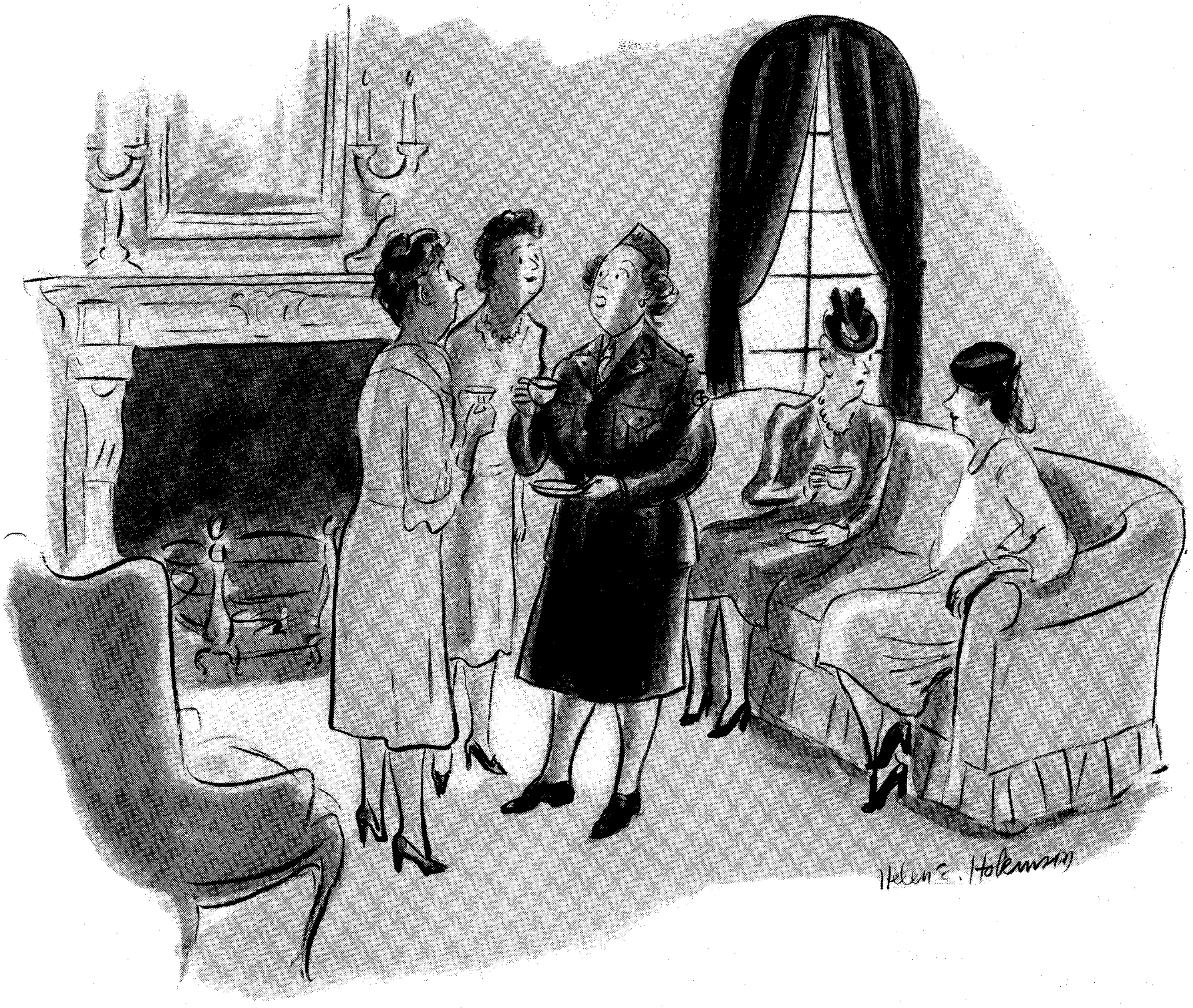
TO OUR READERS

When you are through with your copy of *The New Yorker* each week, you can do a good turn by passing it along to the members of the armed forces. There are two simple and equally effective ways of doing this. The first is to mail your *New Yorker* to the Special Service Officer of any camp you choose, in which case the magazine will wind up in the camp's service club. The second is to mail it to some U.S.O. club. There are about a thousand U.S.O. clubs in cities and towns near military and naval camps and stations, and you can readily get the address of one near you by telephoning your local U.S.O. headquarters. In New York City the number is Pennsylvania 6-5400. An easy way to mail a copy of *The New Yorker* to any place in this country is to take a business-size envelope, slit it open at the ends, roll the magazine up in it, address it, and put on a five-cent stamp.

10c & 15c Paradise

EVERYTHING has gone up at Coney Island, including attendance, which is natural when you consider the gasoline situation. Frankfurters are ten and fifteen cents each and frozen custard is a dime. About the only thing you can get for a nickel is an orange or pineapple drink. Whether this is a bargain depends on the intensity of the devil-may-care spirit. Many of the visitors on the boardwalk, sidewalks, and alleys have a Jones Beach look. Concessionaires have the widest smiles in years and a new, executive ring in their voices. Because of priorities, there are no new rides, of course, but the old ones, brightly painted and brightly upped in price, are there and doing fine. "God bless America. Step right this way, folks, if you want to feel your legs prickle," cried a jubilant ticket-taker at the Cyclone as he grabbed the twenty-cent pasteboards away from an inflowing crowd, none of which, apparently, was afraid of prickles. All kinds of people seem to be helping the boom. At the Red Mill, in Luna Park, we got into a boat in front of a boy and girl who, at the end of the dark ride, started talking excitedly on their fingers. "They won't get out," said the attendant who pulled the boat to a stop, allowing us and other passengers to debark. "They talk like crazy now because they don't have much time before they'll be back in the dark again. They love it."

Shooting galleries offer six shots for a quarter (don't ask us where they get the ammunition) and are heavily patronized by Marines. Women weight-guessers along the Bowery prod the body boldly. A papier-mâché head of Charlie Chaplin, entitled "Just Married," attracts customers to the façade of the Tunnel of Love. We paused to watch some French petty officers admiringly observe a group of bathing-suited folk eat corn on the cob. "*Formidable!*" ex-



"I always try to wear my uniform in public. I think it helps make people realize the seriousness of the situation."

• •

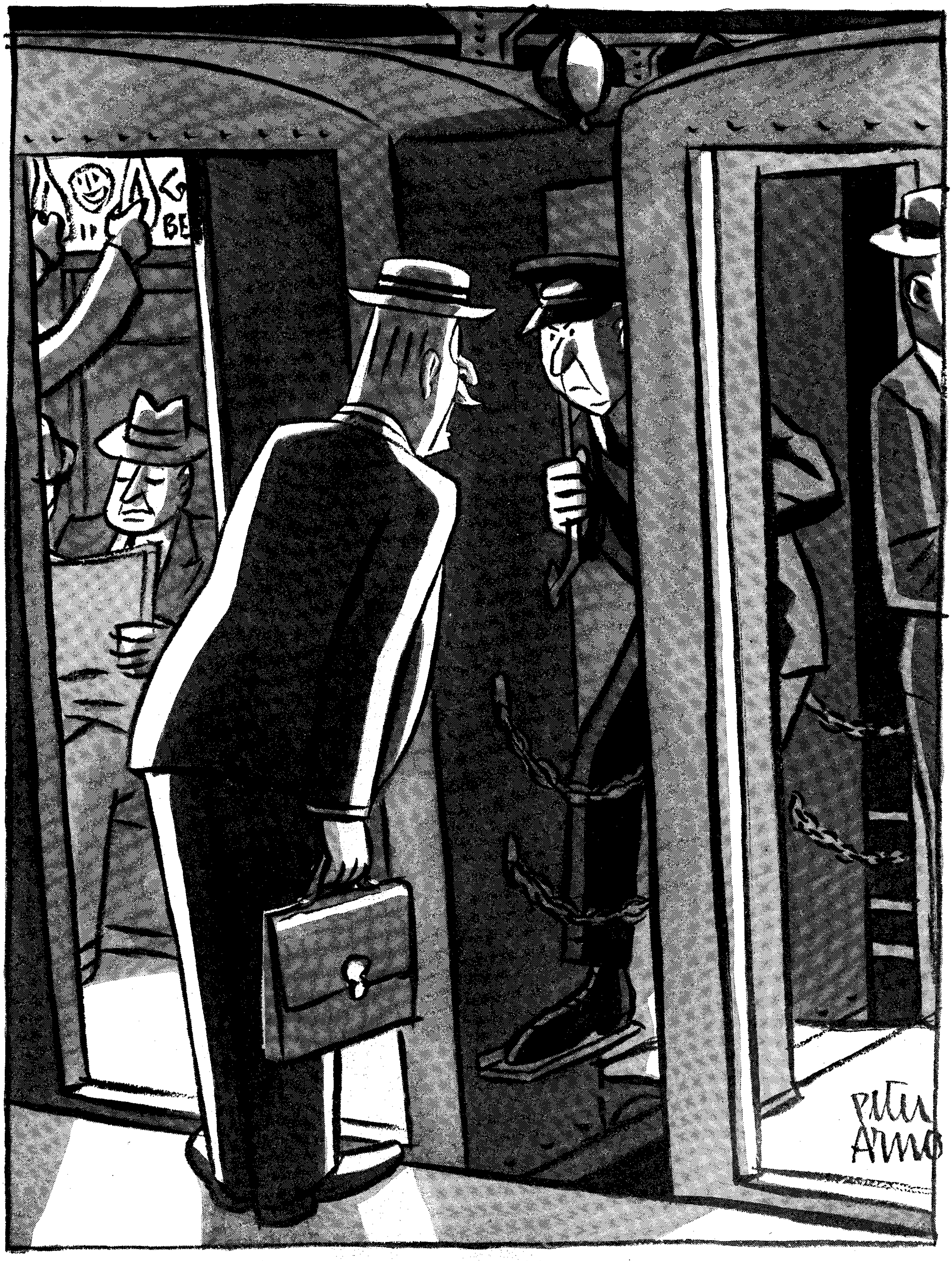
claimed one. "*Comme les chevaux!*" At the World-in-Wax Musee we overheard the manager tell a spectator that this year wax had been very hard to get. The salon, he said, had had to break up and recast some old heads to make the current topical highlights, "The Casablanca Conference" and "MacArthur at Bataan," which, we are happy to state, are fully up to the establishment's standard.

In front of the Rollo Plane, whose riders turn over and over, a small sailor with a large blonde was saying no to her request for a ride. "I just don't happen to like things that go up and down," he said. "What do you do aboard a ship?" asked the lady. "No ship in the United States Navy is like that thing, thank God," said the sailor, making off decisively. Steeplechase Park has a new coat of white paint and a younger crowd than formerly in the swimming pool. Its Giant Swinging Wheel, once tilted by muscular young attendants, is idle, the muscular young men being elsewhere. Army parachutists, on a parachutists' holiday, drop from the Parachute Jump, and there is a Victory garden in the park grounds, where the toy train runs.

At night the dimout along the boardwalk is a relief. A block back, on the Bowery, singing waiters at the Irish beer houses intone "Mexicali Rose," but the promenade is serene and peaceful. Shadowy humans sift along, scarcely perceptible. Benches face the ocean and a cool breeze blows from Spain. The only illumination comes from the muted beams of a few street lamps. From a bench, we made out a sailor with a portable phonograph under one arm and a girl on the other, heading down a flight of stairs from the boardwalk. After a moment, from under our feet came the strains of "Gloomy Sunday," the Hungarian suicide song.

Economics

ACTING under instructions from his wife to get some *good* shirts for himself, a gentleman trailed into a Madison Avenue haberdasher's, where he was shown some priced at three dollars. Applying the only yardstick of quality that he knew, the customer said, "Well, I don't know—I was thinking of something a little more expensive." The salesman looked hurt. "*These* would be more expensive, sir, if it weren't for the OPA," he said.


BE
Peter Arno

"Will this train take me anywhere near the Racquet Club?"

AN AFTERNOON

WHERE the drive made a long loop away through the beech trees, the children and the nurse took a short cut straight across the lawn toward the house. A breeze was blowing up from the lough, and old Mary's skirts billowed out ahead of her and she had to put up a hand to steady her hat. It was a grand, citified black hat which she had bought a few weeks before in Belfast, and it sat high on her head; it had pink pansies bunched at the front. Her skirts were white with a little black stripe in the soft material. With the other hand she led Francis, although it was not really a matter of leading, since he was a good and sober little boy and you could not imagine him running wildly and impudently off. So really she only held his hand because she liked to; whether he liked it or not, or whether it was necessary or not, was never thought of. "Come, Francis"—and the small hand automatically reached for the old, freckled one. But this was just habit; there was no true connection. Even at four, Francis had the manner of the solitary, the one who is born wise, and he was already apart, thoughtful, and restrained. Under the brim of his wide white hat his gray eyes looked out calmly from deep, well-spaced sockets, and his still babyish face was modelled carefully and sweetly. He had black hair and his light skin was faintly sunburned. Maude, his sister, was six, and she was the one who roamed about, hopping without apparent reason, pausing and stooping and running on again, and as she ran the wind blew the collar of her sailor blouse up against the back of her big hat. Both the children were dressed alike in white, pleated sailor blouses with belts running through the pleats, with black stockings, canvas beach shoes, and floppy cotton hats. A Newfoundland dog, blacker than the blackest coal, ran soundlessly with them on boneless, woolly feet. As they came across the grass in the low, bright sunlight of late afternoon, their white figures and the gambolling black dog acquired—had there been anyone to notice—a vivid, dreamlike quality and the charm of figures in a painting. All about them was the beautiful green of the Irish summer: the soft turf on which round, widely spaced trees stood upon their long shadows, and a sloping field to the right of the house where two calves were tethered. The house itself was small, high, and narrow in shape, covered with ivy, and settled in a slight hollow in the land; its front was in shadow, and from an upstairs window a long yellow curtain trailed out over the wide sill.

"Look at the thunderclouds!" Maude cried, stopping suddenly. "It's going to storm, it's going to pour." And sure enough, there beyond the sloping field the round black clouds were climbing up above the sunny hillside, where the grass was alternately swept down in dark swathes by the wind and released by momentary calms. But nearby was still all the brightness and perfection of the summer afternoon.

"O-o-oh, Mary, I'm scared!" cried Maude, who was not scared at all. "O-o-oh, it's so *black!*" She had an exaggerated sense of drama that her mother, who had been on the stage, encouraged. She began running in a wide circle, her light hair flying up and down.

"You be quiet," said Mary. "You'll frighten Francis to pieces. And you can just stop running about; you're hot enough as it is, going in to your supper. Come and walk with us, like a good girl." And Maude did, stepping sedately along in her sandals.

"Have I ever seen a thunder?" Francis asked.

Maude gave a shriek. "You don't *see* thunder, silly. It's a terrible noise."

"Oh," said Francis, considering. He slipped his already chewed hat elastic into his mouth and sucked it.

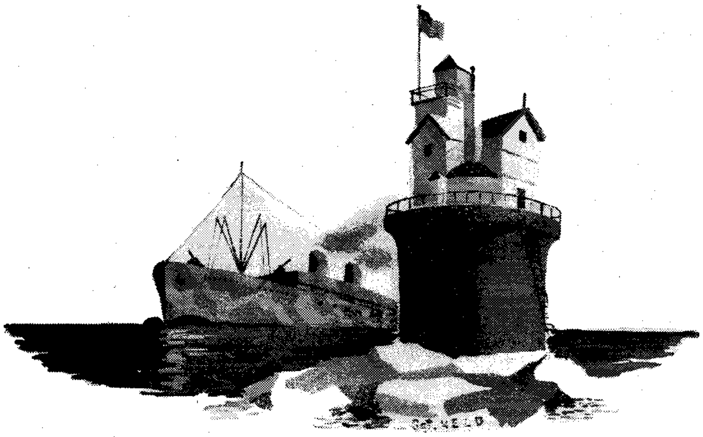
THEIR house, as they came near it, seemed suddenly to have an unfamiliar air of desertion about it that old Mary sensed. In spite of the open window upstairs where a great bunch of flowers stood in a copper jug on a table, there was something about the place that said, *There is nobody here.* Birds twittered in the shady ivy and darted in and out, and the air smelled strongly of cut grass, with a little sea smell in it too. Mary's feet ached; it was one of the days when she knew she was too old to be looking after children, and she wanted her tea. They crossed the rather weedy gravel and went round to the French windows, through which they usually went indoors, but these, contrary to the summer custom, were closed. They were also locked. Muttering to herself, Mary led the children to the front door, but this too was fastened tight. They rang the bell over and over, though they all knew in one way or another that the house was quite empty.

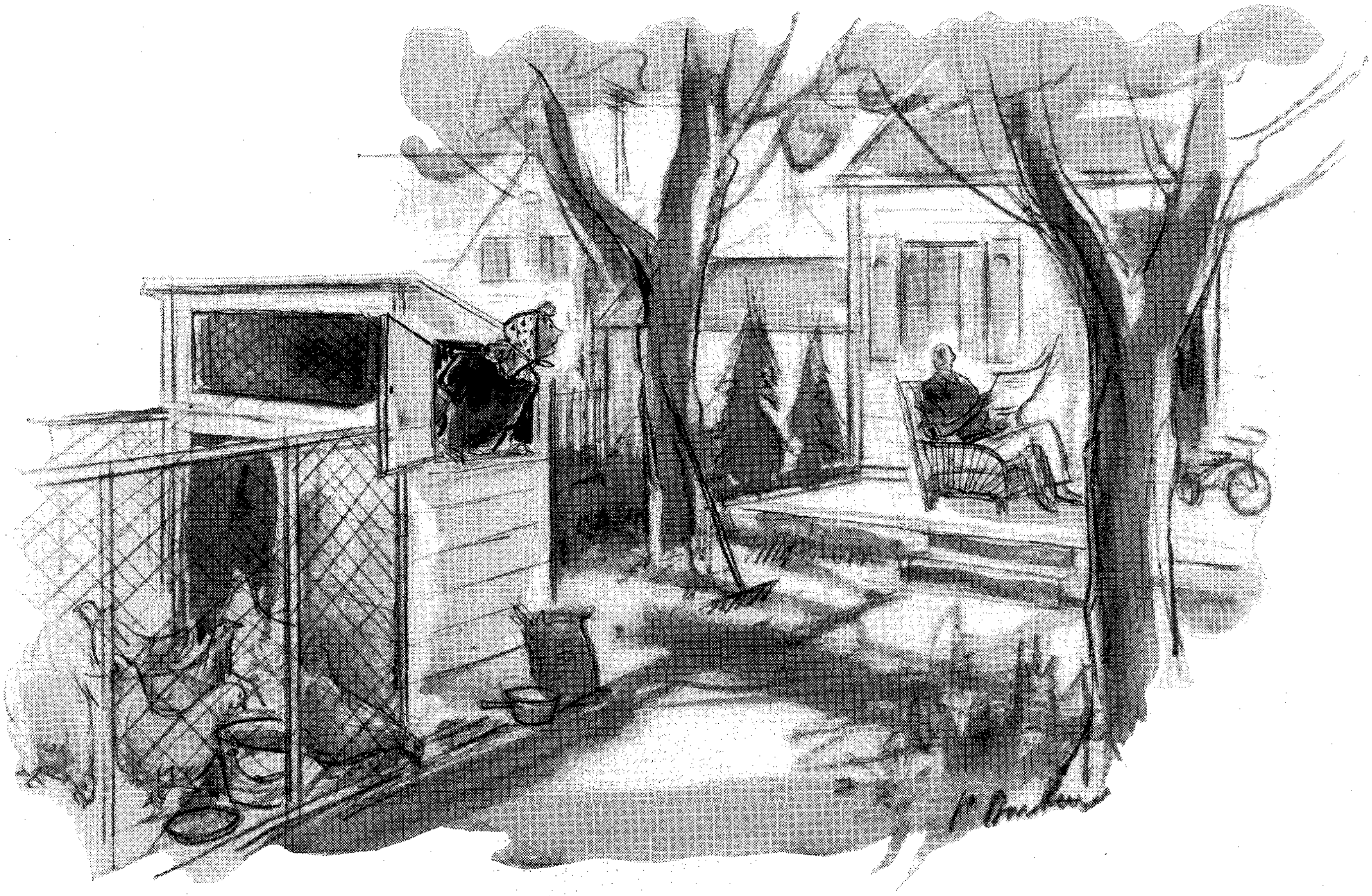
"Why is everything locked?" Maude demanded. "We never lock it up. Mummy said what was the use; if anyone wanted to get in, they'd get in anyway."

That was another one of the Missis' lackadaisical notions, thought Mary resignedly, like her letting the second maid go just because she said the house had too many people in it. But why should the place be locked now? That was the point. Kate the cook had gone yesterday to her daughter's for a week, but her niece Grace had come to fill in, and now here Grace was gone and Mrs. Stephens too. Mary began to get excited; she went along the front of the house, trying all the windows hopefully. But she had no luck.

"We'll try the back," she said, and they went round to the kitchen door, which had a queer little half-pagoda trellis around it covered with traveller's joy. And that door was locked, and so was the door to the scullery. They stood there in the sunshine, and noticed that the wind had fallen as quickly as though it had been sucked away. The driveway, when it came by the house, ended in a circle in front of a small stone stable, and on the slates of the stable roof the pigeons mourned pitifully and comfortably, and for the first time there came a faraway roll of thunder. An old hunter of Mrs. Stephens, which was nowadays only driven in a trap, hung her head out of a loose box next the tool shed. When she saw the children she bobbed her head up and down and laid back her ears.

Maude said, "I want my engine," and looked as though she was going to cry. She liked only boys'





"Harry! Please bring booklet F 306-J from the Department of Agriculture, quick."

toys, not dolls. Francis stared at her in mild, distant disgust, chewing his elastic. Something was the matter with everything, but *what?* He snapped the elastic back under his chin, then back into his mouth. Never having known desertion or uncertainty, he was not yet severely troubled, and his expression was still calm as he stood with one hand on the trellis and scraped a rubber heel back and forth over the brick walk.

"Mary, what'll we do?" Maude cried, a wail coming into her voice. "Why has Mummy locked the house? Where'd she go? Did you know she was going? What'll we do if we can't get in, with that storm coming?"

"Stop your racket!" Mary shouted at her. She was three times as excited as Maude and her fine hat wobbled on her head as she suddenly reached over and smacked Maude's behind hard. The afternoon was split with misery, and Francis turned his head away from Maude as though she and Mary were too ugly to contemplate.

"If it rains we can stay in the stable till your mummy gets home," said Mary furiously. "And you'll go without your suppers and may it do you both good." They did not dispute this at all, but Maude really did begin to cry a little. She wiped the tears off with the palms of her hands and sniffed, and Francis continued to take no notice of her; his expression of delicate disgust had changed to one of interest, for he was watching the milk boy, whose cart had just turned in from the road and was coming up to the house at a fast trot. It was a green cart with two yellow wheels, and the pony was a roan. The milk boy sat sideways, kicking his boots against a shaft; he whistled and let the reins flap loosely. In the back of the cart were eight tall pewter-colored milk cans. The cart was quite near before Mary and Maude noticed the clicking of the little hooves on the gravel.

"Now, there's James," said Mary in great relief. "Maybe he'll do something." The pony stopped short and James, a large, swarthy boy of sixteen or so, jumped off and looked at them stupidly while he lifted a milk can down.

"Oh, James!" cried Maude, running to him. "The house is locked and Mummy's gone away somewhere and can you help us get in? Can't you climb up somewhere—the upstairs windows aren't even closed."

"Now, Maude, will you wait a minute?" Mary was suddenly all calm and good nature. "The house is all locked downstairs," she repeated to James. "If you could climb up and go down and open a door for us, it'd be fine."

James thought, looking up at the side of the house. Finally he said, "I could go up the trellis and in that little window." The little window looked rather far away from the trellis to the rest of them. "I'll just take off my boots," James added. He had them off in a second; one of his gray socks had a green darn in the toe, Francis saw. Then he went climbing up to the top of the pagoda, hesitated, made a clumsy jump and caught a thick branch of the ivy, and with a great rustling and breaking of leaves he edged his way along to the window and scrambled through it and disappeared without even looking back at them. A few ivy leaves fell to the grass and lay beside the milk can and James' boots. The pony was sweating and he smelled strongly; he had a brand-new harness with a lot of shiny brass on it. There was another rumble of thunder, nearer than the other. They waited. Presently they heard James' feet thumping toward the door, and the bolt slid back. He opened the door, and the three outside glimpsed the familiar, safe kitchen with Kate's calceolaria on the table and the copper saucepans on the hooks along the front of the dresser. James came out, sat down on the grass, and began lacing up his boots while the black dog tried to lick his face.

"Thanks, James," Mary said. "I'll unlock the scullery for you." She went indoors, and the children followed her.

ONCE they were inside, Mary and Maude seemed instantly to stop wondering and worrying. Mary went to let James into the scullery with the milk; then she came back and began getting the children's supper. Maude ran off upstairs.

But Francis was unhappy, unhappier by far than he had been outdoors. He took off his hat and stood there in the kitchen, his black hair mussed and damp and his face sorrowful. Perhaps the memory crossed his mind of the many times he had come in and called his mother and heard her answer. . . . "Mummy, where are you?" And her voice, gay like a young girl's: "Upstairs, darling." . . . He wandered out into the hall and unlocked and opened the front door. Although the sun had gone behind the clouds that mounted from the west, over the house the sky was still blue and fair. The wind was up again but coming from another direction, and it was warmer. To Francis the unfamiliar light made the landscape distorted and scary and he closed the door.

There was a lowboy standing against the longest wall of the hall, with a pair of branching brass candlesticks on it and a big Chinese bowl that was partly filled with calling cards. Against one of the candlesticks leaned a large blue envelope. Francis's eyes barely came to the edge of the lowboy, but he saw the letter. He knew the envelope was one of his mother's, and he knew the vehement, tall writing on it was hers, whatever it said. He had often been called in to her as she sat at her desk, writing swiftly on the blue paper. . . . "Francis, take this down with you, will you, darling, and ask Mary to give it to whoever's going into town next?". . . . This letter had no stamp on it, nor was it sealed. Francis's eyes, level with it, gazed at it thoughtfully. Then he reached up and took it in his brown fingers, handling it carefully and firmly. He heard Maude coming along the hall upstairs, and he went silently into the small sitting room and waited until she had come down and gone into the kitchen. Then he went upstairs, bringing first one foot and then the other onto each step, one hand on the banister and the letter in the other. In his own room, which was over the dining room, he crossed to the window seat, where he knelt on the chintz cushion and looked down at James' pony, standing directly below. James came out of the scullery just then and heaved the empty milk can into the cart. Mary followed him out; she had not yet taken off her hat.

"I can't think where she could have gone to, all of a sudden," Francis heard her say. "For all her gallivanting around she never went off before without telling me where. And locking up the house, too! She must have been in a great state." James got into the cart without answering any of this, and even before he picked up the reins the pony had started to turn around, and he burst at once into a trot down the drive to the Belfast road.

FRANCIS stayed kneeling on the window seat, tracing with a finger the black, strong writing on the envelope. He did not think of anything very much, but he did not want Mary to see the letter.

He got down and opened the window seat, holding it up with one hand while he felt in a secret corner of it for a box. He brought it out—a carved cherry-wood box—and opened it. Inside were the things he liked the best. There was an iridescent, perfectly dried green beetle his Uncle Francis had brought him from Egypt, a bullet that had been cut out of this same uncle's leg after Mafeking, and three fat, pale-yellow sea shells he himself had found on the beach the summer before. He had them all laid on a layer of cotton wool. Now he put on top of them the blue envelope. Then he closed the box and put it away in the corner under the window seat, where nobody but himself ever looked. —ELIZABETH P. WARNER

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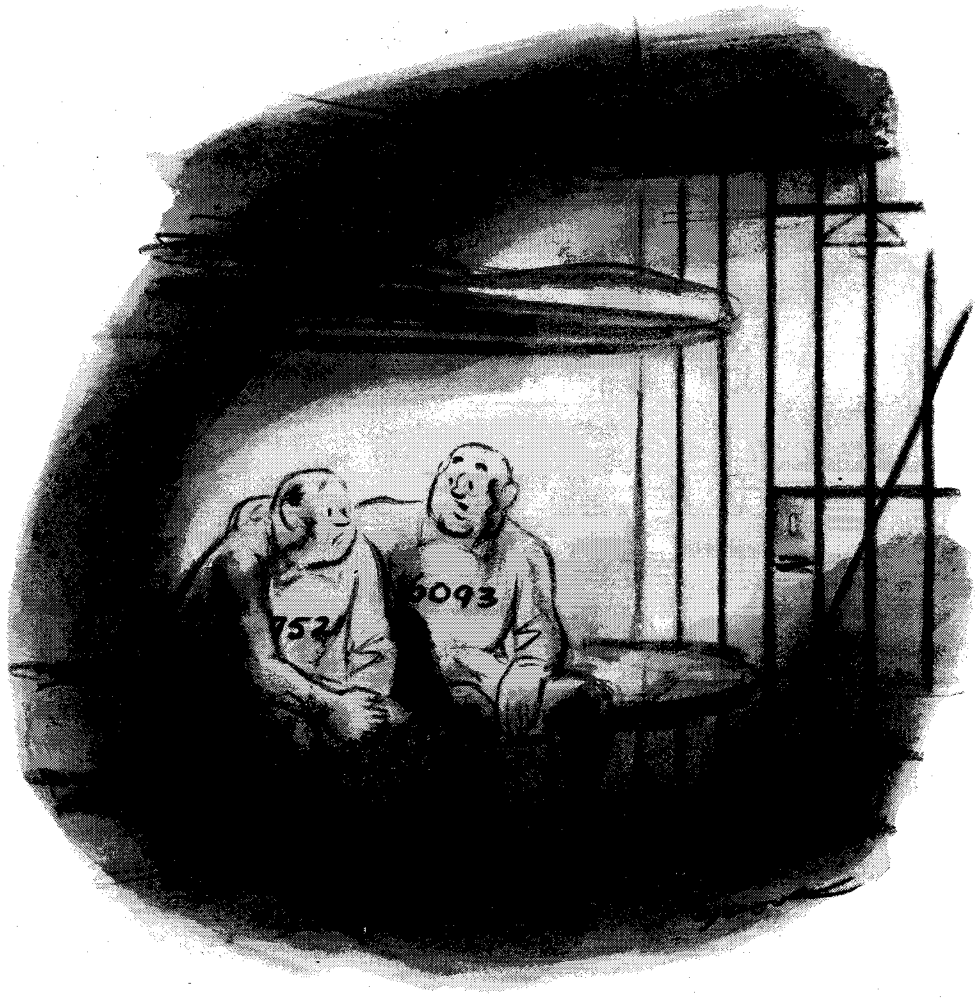
SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Manitowoc (Wis.) Herald-Times*]

The average tax-payer will not feel the abatement unless his income falls off, he tires or loses his job, or at death.



"Don't feel too bad, Jack. I believe your story."

THEY'D HAVE TAKEN HIM IF HE WAS ONLY A TORSO

THE war got a lot of twists to it, but one good thing was the way it dubbed up the Man in the Green Overcoat.

He's a man doesn't mean any harm at the bottom of anything he does, but he certainly got a great weakness for making hard-and-fast decisions for other people. Around this gin mill on Third Avenue they put up with him for some reason, and people even listen to him and pay attention, although they ought to know better by this time.

The Man in the Green Overcoat's past fifty and that's been the matter with him his whole life, those decisions he's always making. All the decisions are for somebody else. If somebody around there gets up to the point he got to make a decision one way or the other, the Man in the Green Overcoat is sure as hell to step up and make the decision for him. About half the things he says begins with the words, "If I was you, I tell you what I'd do." No difference at all what it is, whether it's a horse to bet on or not, or whether it's somebody wondering should they get married or not. Bing! This man horns in on the situation somehow and decides for the guy. He gets talking to him and like mentally gives him a push and settles the matter with advice. Horse or wedding, the advice turns out wrong.

Funny they'd listen to him, so much of his fixing turned sour year after year. But he's got a very persuading way about him, and there you are. People do listen. This been going on for years around this saloon. Tim, that owns the place, seen many an instance of it.

That's the point of it, how Tim knew so well about this guy and how he was proud of fixing things up without seeming to realize they turn out bad nine times out of ten. They call him the Man in the Green Overcoat, never give him any other name even if that's a long name, because in winter he always wore a terrible green overcoat. Every winter.

ANYWAY, there's a medium-young regular customer comes in this saloon, and if ever a man wanted down in his heart to get into the Army this regular did. His name was Marty. Well, it wasn't altogether to be patriotic that he was nuts to get into the Army. Thousands of other guys breaking their necks, you might say, to keep out of it, but there was a girl mixed into Marty's case. He was stuck on her. Seem she like him well enough, but not too hot about him, let's say.

Well, Marty would come in this place time and time again, and he'd have a few slugs and get talking to Tim and cry-babying about this girl. And he'd cry-baby because they passed him up for the Army. That was quite a while ago, when it was tough to get in for some. Hard to realize that now, but there was such a time.

Marty was one of those cases where his feet was only pretty good. And his eyes was only pretty good, and his ears was only pretty good and the same with his lungs. Nothing stand out real good all over him. And his heart was even a little less than pretty good, they said. They said it had a habit of stopping and starting unexplained for a second or two, something like a bum electric icebox. He wasn't a cripple any part, but the sum-up of only being pretty good all over wound up with the doctors calling no dice on him. They don't want him. He looks to them like a pension case before he'd even get the soldier suit on.

To get to what happen, you got to hear about this night a few months ago, along about ten o'clock at night. Hardly anybody was in the saloon, and Tim was behind the bar having a cup of tea. First Marty come in and after he knocked over a couple of slugs, why he begin talking confidential to Tim, and of course soon cry-babying about the girl.

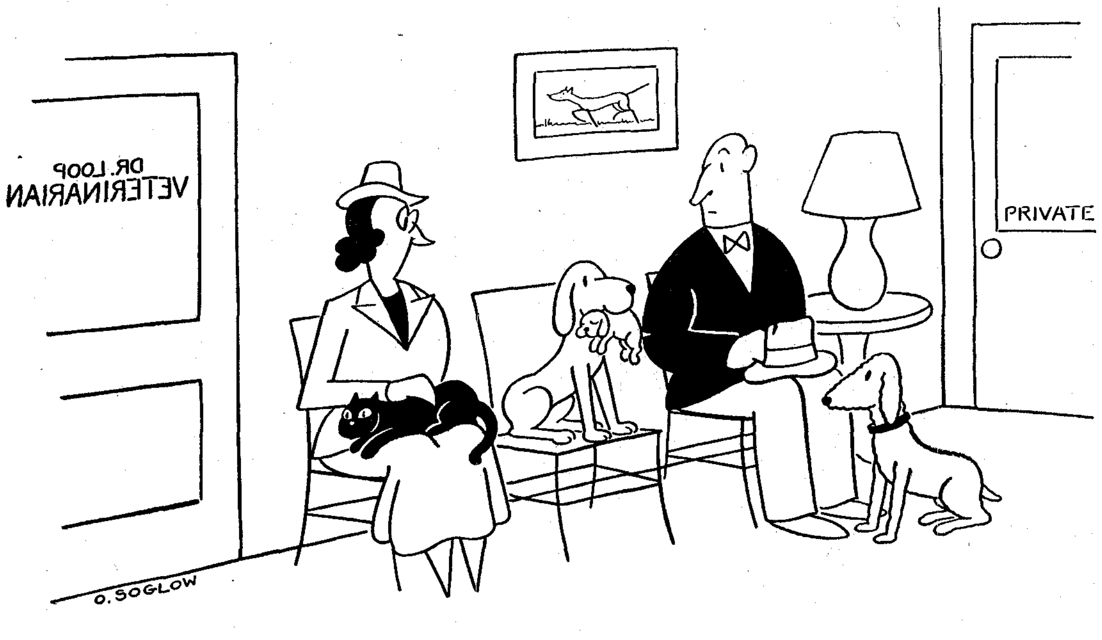
Not to go into the thing too much, Marty got the idea this girl is too good for him, that's the guts of it. Then he says to Tim, "Tim, I see a picture in the paper it was Winthrop Rockefeller and a couple other soldiers lined up for their picture. He's a Rockefeller that's in the Army. This was quite a while ago, but the picture stuck in my mind. These other soldiers was Di Salvos or Kellys, just neighborhood boys, and what hit me between the eyes, they all looked like Winthrop Rockefeller. Or maybe he looked like them."

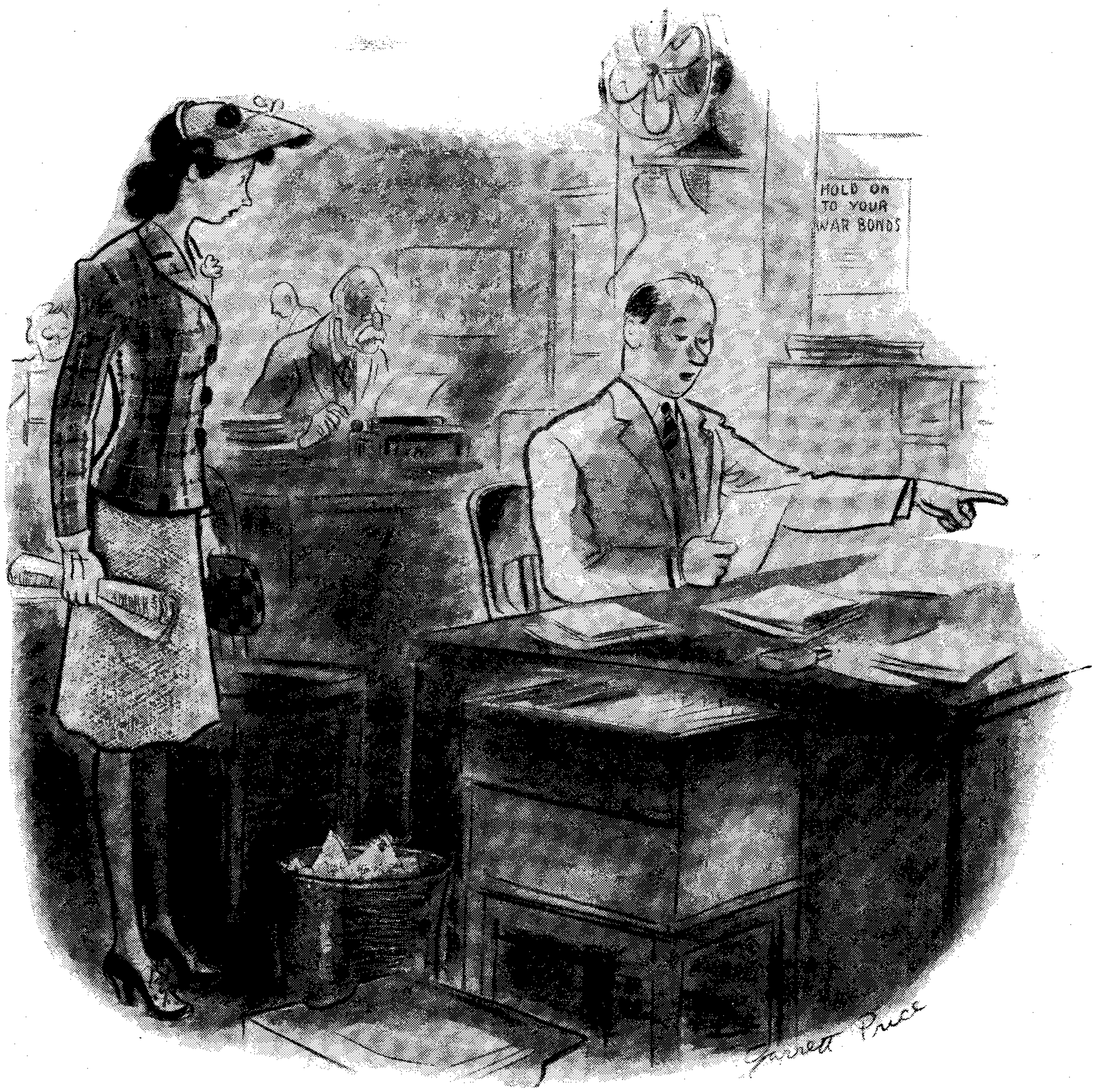
Marty went on talking, Tim listening, and Marty says, "That uniform moves Winthrop Rockefeller down a little, it seem to me, and it moves these other fellers up a little. It evens things up. It'd move me up a little if I could get into one of those uniforms. They're calling me in tomorrer, the draft board, but they'll turn me down, I'm afraid."

Course Tim knew what Marty was driving at. It's that it would boost him a peg with the girl if he would get into the Army. Tim knows the girl, a neighborhood kid grew up around here, a nice kid all right, her name is Eileen Callan.

WELL, after that talk out goes Marty finally, still broodin' around. There's nobody in the place for a while but Tim, and then in comes, of all people, old Mr. Masafin. He hadn't been in the place for months. He don't work any more, he's retired, a fine old man, ran two grocery stores for forty years, always around here and knew everybody since they were kids and their fathers before them.

Old Mr. Masafin orders a Jameson, they still got a




HOLD ON TO YOUR WAR BONDS

"I saw your ad in the newspaper for a cost clerk and I—"
"Fine! That will be your desk right over there."

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little of that put away for special customers. Tim ask him why he been ducking the place, ask him in a nice way, of course. He hadn't been in there for months.

"I haven't been any place for months," says Mr. Masafin, sore. "I'm half afraid to go any place. You know I'm on the draft board, and by God everybody I meet, if I have a drink anywhere or go to play cards anywhere, it winds up somebody tries to put the fix in to keep somebody out of the Army.

"It's sickening," he says. "We're trying to do this job fair and square and we've been doing it fair and square. It's the most thankless job in the whole war. We work on the draft board for free and we don't get a uniform, or a title even, the way they do in Washington. We just work in some schoolroom turned over to us and it smells of chalk powder off the blackboards and sweaty kids. What the hell thanks do we get?"

The old man have another Jameson and Tim some tea and old Masafin goes on.

"Another thing," he says. "Our job on the draft board is getting looser and looser the more they need men. At first we had to be halfway strict, I mean the doctors that work with us seeing if the men are fit, as they say. That was in the beginning, but now, about all our doctors got to do is see that these guys are creatures of flesh and blood and not some kind of zombies. The board I'm on sends 'em on to the Army doctors and they do the rejecting, if any. But don't forget, they'll take recommendations from us, the Army doctors will. It's what they call borderline cases, figuring we know these kids all their lives, what they can do and so forth.

"Especially in heart cases," old Masafin says. "If the truth was known, nobody knows about hearts. The docs tell me confidentially they've seen guys got hearts like ninety-eight-cent alarm clocks, fluttering and skipping till hell wouldn't have them. But then again, I got a ninety-eight-cent alarm clock at home, it's the best clock in the house. It keeps going, and that's the way some of the ninety-eight-cent hearts are."

Oh this Mr. Masafin got going all right in his talk with Tim. He finely have another Jameson and he really got warmed up against all this fixing. He almost hollered at Tim, even if Tim had said hardly a word. Old Masafin yelled, "By God, the next guy they try to put the fix in for, we'll see that they take him if he's only a torso! We'll end this trying to fix people out of doing their duty!"

Old Masafin was sore and he exaggerated. But he felt smoother after a while, got everything off his chest with Tim and they had a good talk, all in all, before old Masafin says good night and goes home. He's a fine man and everybody got respect for him for years around this neighborhood.

He left the place, good night, Tim, and good night, sir, and all that, and this night it seems they all seem to come in in a row. First Marty, then Mr. Masafin, and no sooner he left than in come the Man in the Green Overcoat. Listening first to one, then the other, the big idea come to Tim and he went to work on it.

To get it started, Tim began pretty smooth with the Man in the Green Overcoat. "What would you do in a case like this?" Tim says to him. "A feller that comes in here regular, Marty's his name, maybe you know him? Well, they're going to grab him for the Army, the board'll have him in tomorrow."

"Sure, I know him—Marty Raffernan," says the Man in the Green Overcoat. "They tryin' to grab him, huh?"

"Yes," says Tim. "They are. And the poor guy's feet are none too good and I'm sure he got a bum heart. The Army'll kill him. Do you think you could do anything for him? You're a great man at straightening things out."

"There's lots of cases like that," says the Man in the Green Overcoat, trying to talk like a surrogate or something. "But I'll tell you what I can do. It happens I got a friend on this draft board, known him for years. It this draft board, is it, the one right here for this districk?"

"Sure," Tim says. "Marty's from right around here, neighborhood kid."

"It's a cinch," Greenie says. "I'll see this friend of mine tonight. I ain't see him for months, but he'll be tickled to death to see me. Always thought the world of me."

FOR the time, that was all. Tim said nothing more, just let the matter sink in. Finely, the Man in the Green Overcoat starts out, and when he's going he says, "That Marty won't have to go into the Army any more than Shirley Temple will."

"Fine!" Tim says. He remember later that Shirley's already in, he read where she's an honorary colonel or something.

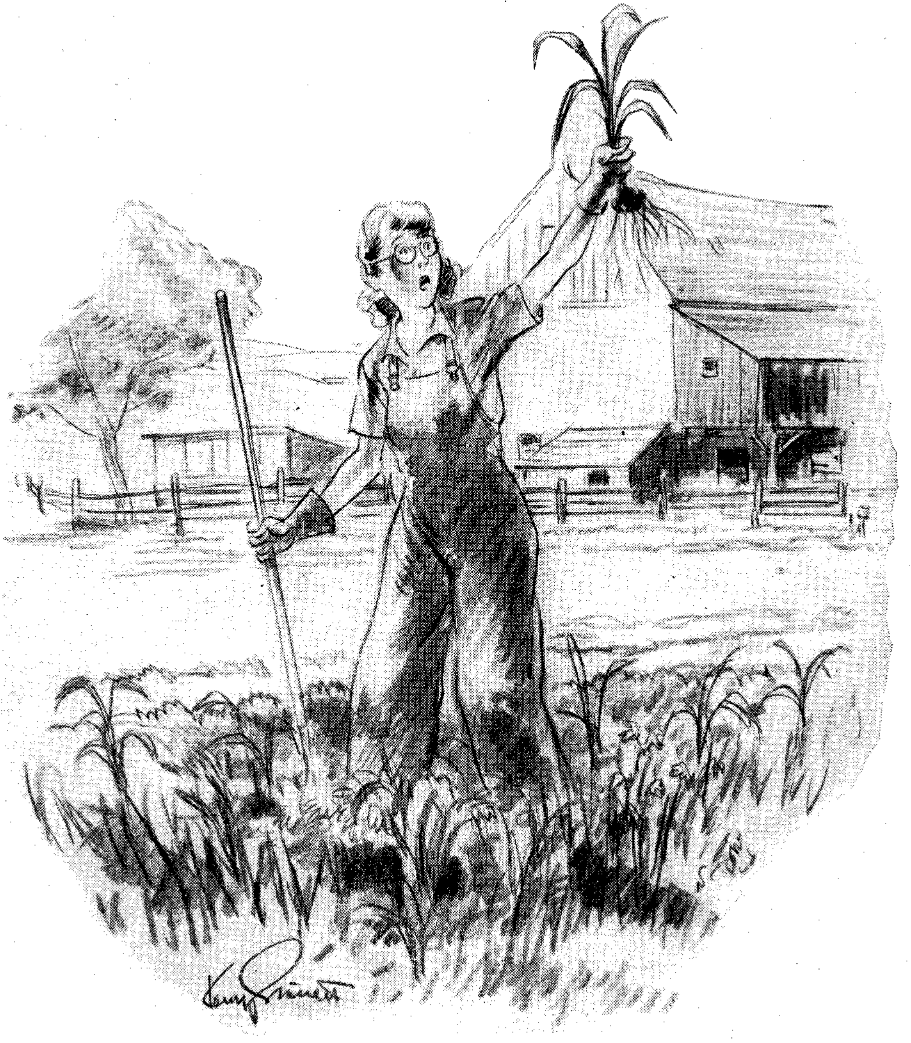
Inside an hour, the Man in the Green Overcoat is back again. "You come to the right man, Tim," he says. "I got your boy fixed up. My friend—it's old Mr. Masafin if you'll keep it under your hat—he was kind of funny at first. But I talked him into it. He and the board are going to reject this Marty so hard the civilians won't even take him back."

"You're a great man!" says Tim.

"I'm glad to do it for the guy. Glad to do him a favor. Get him all fixed up."

Well, sure enough, late the next afternoon, Marty come bouncing in. He was half-crocked and singing, "You Can Win, Winsocki." It's a college song from out West someplace they had on the juke boxes and it was close enough for Marty to a war song. "Bejeezus, they took me! Bejeezus, they took me!" he kept yelling, between "Winsocki" and another jolt of Overholt.

Tim and the Overholt got all the details out of him. Marty says, "I hope the government don't find out before I get in uniform and away to camp, but I think that Mr. Masafin on the draft board is crazy. He kept saying, 'You're going into the Army if I got to stick you together with Spearmint,' and he whizz me up to a hospital for a special examination! The docs up there give me a note to the Army docs about my heart, said it was tricky but it worked."



"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Brown! Is this a weed?"

ABOUT a week later, off went Marty to camp. They give him leave to settle up his affairs, that's what they call it. Tim tell me the only affairs is to try and get this girl listen to him a little. Well, she must have listened, because before he went away, Tim and me were going to the newsreels and we bunked into Marty and the girl. They told us they were going to the Music Hall and chop suey afterward. How they made out afterward, who knows about that? God knows I don't and Tim don't.

But out of it all, the Man in the Green Overcoat got the shame of his life. He's not in the saloon for a couple of months, because exactly that time he went up to Rochester to help them make bombsights for big money. But they got wise to him, got sick of him trying to suggest improvements on the bombsights, and back he came. That was two months after he did the fixing.

"How'd your friend Marty make out that time, I could get him a good job in Rochester?" he asked Tim.

"Oh, Marty?" says Tim. "He's in the Army now—was up here on furlough a couple weeks ago, and he looked like a million bucks in the soldier suit."

"The lousy double-crosser!" says the Man in the Green Overcoat. He meant old Mr. Masafin.—JOHN MCNULTY

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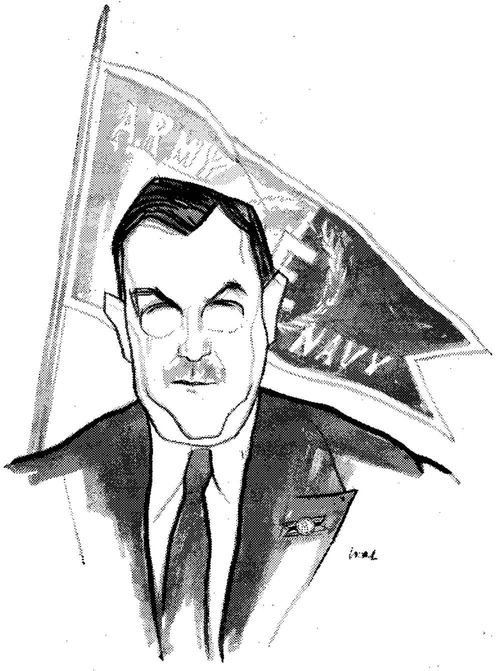
How to Determine the Speed of the Ship

Provide a friend with a piece of wood (or a big ball of wet newspaper) and send him as far forward as possible along the deck. Station yourself toward the stern at a point where you can keep one eye on your assistant, one eye on the water below you, and one eye on your watch. —*From "Science from Shipboard," published by Science Service.*

It'll take us a little time to find that point. Better stop the ship.

PROFILES

FOR EXCELLENCE



Sigmund M. Morey

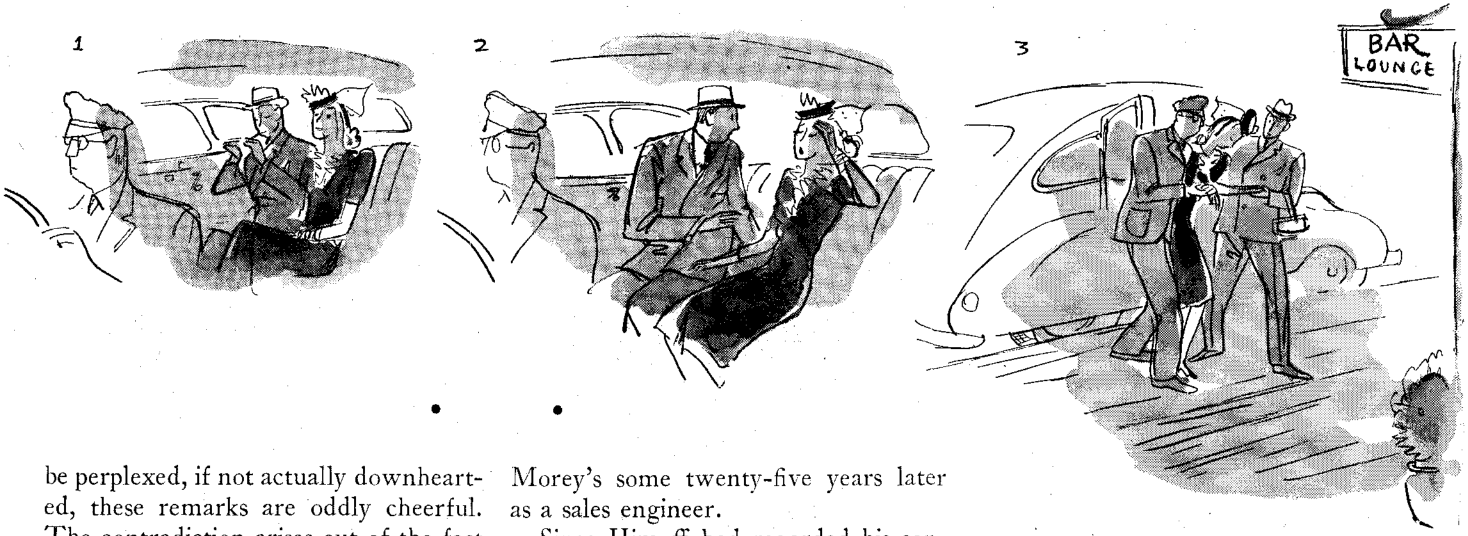
Sigmund M. Morey, president of the Morey Machinery Company of Astoria, wears in his lapel a silver pin bearing a large E within a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, the wreath supported by two swallow-tailed wings with red, white, and blue stripes. Now and then during the day, especially if Morey happens to be talking long distance to Washington or if the surface of his desk has just been buried under a bushel of new blueprints, his fingers reach up to touch the pin. The gesture, though unconscious, shows how he feels about the Army-Navy E for Excellence, an award bestowed upon his company several months ago. Like most obscure, conscientious, and steadily overworked businessmen, Morey, who regards himself as typical of the small manufacturer, is grateful for any tangible symbol of his government's interest and appreciation. So, presumably, are the hundreds of men and women who work for the Morey Company. Everyone employed by the firm when the award was presented is entitled to wear a pin like Morey's. Newcomers find, or are expected to find, their own somewhat less personal satisfaction in the Army-Navy pennant which flies over the plant during the twenty hours a day it is in operation.

The Army-Navy E is no ordinary mark of governmental benediction. Any factory engaged in war production, and by extension this includes nearly all the two hundred thousand-odd factories in the country, is eligible for the award, but so far the number of E's conferred is small. Since the summer of 1941, when the first E for Excellence—theretofore a reward issued solely by the Navy "to those units of the fleet surpassing all others in performance of duty in engineering, gunnery, or communications"—was presented to a civilian industry, the total has risen to only about two thousand. To Army and Navy officers accustomed of late to dealing almost entirely with figures that run into the millions, these awards have established a highly exclusive industrial inner circle, something on the order of Burke's Peerage. Sigmund Morey takes an understandable pride in reading over and reciting, down to the last alphabetical division, the requirements listed by the armed-forces authorities. "Quantity and quality of production in the light of available facilities," these authorities state, with bureaucratic elegance, "are the factors which will be given the greatest weight in selecting recipients for the award. Other factors to be considered include: (a) overcoming production obstacles, (b) avoidance of stoppages, (c) maintenance of fair labor standards, (d) training of additional labor forces, (e) effective management, (f) record on accidents, health, sanitation, and plant protection, (g) utilization of sub-contracting facilities, and (h) reduction of absenteeism."

Either an Army procurement officer or a Navy inspector is assigned to each plant engaged, like Morey's, in government work. At the suggestion of either of these officials, the Army Service Forces or the Bureaus of the Navy consider the merits of firms and make recommendations to the Army and Navy Boards for Production Awards. If the boards accept the recommendations, they issue announcements of the awards, after which presentation ceremonies are arranged. Such ceremonies generally include a military band, a couple of short speeches, and the bending on, as the Navy likes to put it, of the Army-Navy pennant. The E for Excellence is not, however, a permanent award. The records of each company to which it has been presented are reviewed every six months, and if the boards feel that any firm has ceased to live up to the great expectations implicit in (a) to (h), the firm loses the right to fly the pennant, and the employees lose the right to wear their E pins, until (a) to (h) are once more happily in evidence. If a company has remained on its best behavior for six months after receiving the award, it is permitted to add a white star to its pennant. The Morey Company is looking forward to doing this within the next few weeks. The star, a stiff white cloth one, is already waiting in a drawer of Morey's desk.

OSTENSIBLY, the Morey Machinery Company manufactures and rebuilds machine tools, but whenever Sigmund Morey finds time to consider abstractly the organization he founded and is now running at breakneck speed, his face contracts in an expression of bewilderment and despair, his short, plump body rocks back and forth in his office chair, and his voice drops to a whisper. Recently, to a friend who was unwary enough to ask him what the plant was producing, Morey said, "Listen, in this business you don't know what business you're in. Or if you know Monday, you don't know Tuesday. We used to rebuild most of the time, now we just make. And sometimes, instead of machine tools, we make weapons. Everything moves fast in this business. People call up from the Army or Navy with a headache they want to hand on to us. Maybe they need a part for a plane, a new kind of hydraulic lift, a gun mount, only nobody can turn it out because there's no machine can turn it out. So they ask us, can we start shipping them some machines, and quick? And I say, 'Sure.' I say, 'Let my boys take a look at your blueprints. Maybe we can dig up a few tricks that will make things hop.' Like the government wanted to speed up the boring of gun barrels, so we worked out a way of boring from both ends of the barrel at the same time. Never been done before. That's how it happens that we used to have a hundred men in the shop rebuilding second-hand machines and now we got hundreds of men and women building twenty different kinds of brand-new ones. That's why we used to do a gross business of around a million dollars a year, where now we do a gross business of better than a million dollars a month."

Coming from a man who appears to



be perplexed, if not actually downhearted, these remarks are oddly cheerful. The contradiction arises out of the fact that people in the machine-tool industry traditionally affect a more and more pessimistic point of view as their volume of orders increases, and Morey is no exception. "It's a foolish business," he said flatly not long ago after signing a large government contract. "There isn't anybody in it who isn't going crazy every day of his life. That's because first we starve and then we get so stuffed we want to choke and then we starve again. And we go crazier when we're stuffed than when we starve. Feast or famine, they call it." Morey weighed the saying carefully before discarding it in favor of one of his own. "What I say is, if a man wants to eat regular, he'd better stay out of this line."

Having entered the world of machine tools more or less by chance, Morey is quick to point out that he cannot be held altogether responsible for his present miserable prosperity. He was born in New York City in 1887, the son of Hungarian Jewish immigrants, and his first job after leaving school was as a machinist for a small machine-tool company downtown. "I was nothing but a kid," he says in extenuation of his choice. "I worked at a lathe for several years, till one day I saw by the papers that a woodworking-machinery company needed a salesman. I applied for the job and got it, and I've been selling machine tools ever since."

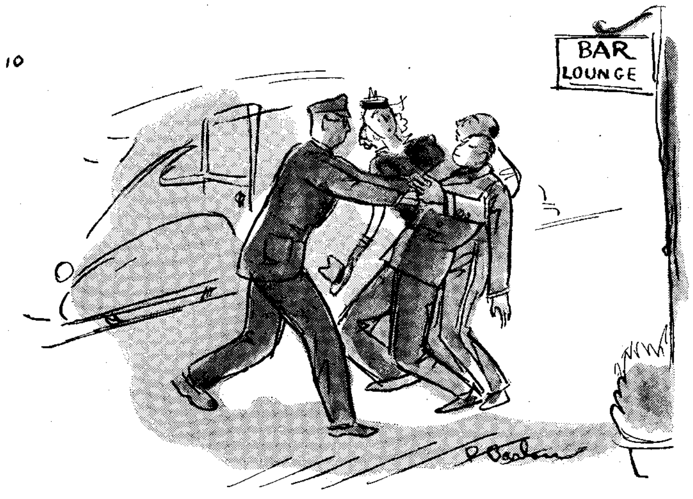
When, in 1913, Morey married a daughter of the president of the Himoff Machinery Company, his fate was settled. The Himoff Company, a New York firm, specialized then, as it does today, in tobacco-processing machinery, but in 1915 Morey persuaded a British governmental purchasing commission, which was in the market for lathes, to place an order with his father-in-law's firm, which had never made lathes. The young Englishman who placed the order, a Mr. Gibbons, joined Morey's some twenty-five years later as a sales engineer.

Since Himoff had regarded his son-in-law's hopes of landing a British contract as wild-eyed nonsense, he had offhandedly agreed to pay him a fifteen-per-cent commission on the deal. When it turned out that the contract would amount to something over fifteen million dollars, Himoff hastened to offer young Morey a quarter-interest in the business instead, which Morey accepted. He became sales manager at Himoff's, and after the completion of the British order he procured contracts to build shell-turning lathes for the Army Ordnance Department and gun carriages for the Navy. This was late in 1917, and the first gun carriage was assembled and approved the week the armistice was signed. "We were pretty slow in those days," Morey says. "We were slow about going down to Washington and grabbing a contract, and our machines were slow in turning out the finished product. Now we got high-speed Carboloy steel bits and drills that step up our work six or seven hundred per cent. And maybe I've picked up a few high-speed ideas about handling the Washington end of the business. For instance, I let our salesmen down there set up the possible deals for me; then, when everything is ready, I come in, as you might say, for the kill. On my last little trip to Washington I brought back nine hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of business. Only took a day."

MOREY decided to set up his own company in 1919. "Perfectly friendly, the whole thing," he is careful to add, nodding his dark, kewpie-shaped head at the memory. "My father-in-law, who died ten years ago, was a fine old gentleman but a little too easy to scare, the way old-fashioned people are, and I liked to take chances. I still do. That's a part of this business. Every minute you got to guess, and you got to guess right. I bought a small plant in Astoria, hired a few old Himoff employees, and figured at first on manufacturing new machine tools, but when I smelled the beginnings of a big market in second-hand machine tools, I got in on the ground floor and stayed there. That way, we grew to be one of the five or six biggest dealers in second-hand machine tools in the world."

Morey enjoys looking back on those days, when, in spite of hard work, long hours, and the essential foolishness of the business, he was, or thinks he was, as happy as a lark. "In the years right after the war, the first war," Morey says, "the government released tens of thousands of machines like cutters, grinders, and turret lathes, which had been used for making munitions. But a turret lathe is just as important in turning out finished parts for washing machines, cars, and baby carriages as it is in turning out shells. We bought cheap and sold cheap, and, having reconditioned the machines ourselves, we guaranteed them against defects. We opened sales agencies in France, England, Germany, Sweden, Norway, South Africa, India, Australia, and Japan. We blanketed the world, and the world kept coming back for more. It was big. It was wonderful. A quart of milk for every Hottentot, like the fellow says, had nothing on us. For a while there we figured the day would come when we'd be selling a gear-cutting machine to every bushman.

"As soon as the flood of wartime machines dried up, we shopped around and bought up some independent automobile companies, which were going on the rocks pretty fast during the twenties. Generally, though, we were able to pick up as much as we wanted in the way of machine tools from going concerns—machine tools that seemed obsolete to Americans but were brand-new to the



rest of the world. Up to the beginning of the depression, this worked out fine. We'd brought in a silent partner to provide three or four hundred thousand dollars in working capital, and by 1929 we'd succeeded in buying him out. But there we were, when the slump hit us, without two nickels in spare cash to rub together. And over in Europe they started freezing the exchanges, so we couldn't get a penny out of any of our agencies. That was the time we stopped eating regular." Morey pats his vest as if to conjure up his former leanness. "And I mean that literally," he says. "I mean we stopped eating regular." The number of men working in the shop dropped from around a hundred to eight; these eight men spent their time oiling the machines and making unimportant repairs. Now and then, in order to get some cash to meet the payroll, Morey went out and sold, at a tenth or twentieth of their value, a few lathes or planers from the company's idle plant.

"Our real bad year was 1930," Morey says. "Then, in '31, the French car industry sent us a few nibbling orders. By '33 business began to pick up fast." This change was the result less of an improvement in business in the United States than of the fact that Germany and Japan were beginning to build up their armies. Their agents entered the market to buy, for cash, nearly any kind of machine tool that could be had, at a time when machine tools were cheaper and more plentiful than they ever had been. Morey admits that his company, like the rest of the companies in the industry, was probably saved by Germany and Japan. "The Japs didn't bother to develop, or maybe they figured they didn't have time to develop, a machine-tool industry. They bought one ready-made from us," he says. "The Germans, on the other hand, already had the biggest machine-tool industry in Europe. They were simply hungry for more tools. The State Department didn't seem to be worrying, so we didn't worry either. Like the airplane manufacturers who sold their patents, and like the scrap industry, we kept on selling to Germany and Japan till 1939."

In 1939, with our abrogation of the commercial pact between the United States and Japan and the outbreak of war in Europe, Morey's was once more unceremoniously ushered from the feast of steady and profitable foreign sales. This time, however, the famine was only temporary, for early in 1940 British and French purchasing commissions, which had dealt at first only with such large tool concerns as Pratt & Whitney and Warner & Swasey, began placing orders with the smaller companies, a group which Morey refers to as "us mice." As the orders poured in, Morey's gradually abandoned the business of rebuilding second-hand machine tools and began manufacturing new ones. Morey enjoys the irony of the situation. "Looking back on it," he said recently to a government official in Washington, "it seems criminal that we had to depend on Germany and Japan to keep us alive, but if it hadn't been for them we wouldn't have been able to help England and France when they needed us. And if it hadn't been for England and France, where would Morey's, or any of the other companies, have been on December 7th, 1941?" Morey threw up his hands. "We'd have been licked," he said, hurriedly answering his own question. "Now, thanks to the Germans and Japs, we're able to make plenty of Army and Navy equipment to kill the Germans and Japs. See how it is? It's no wonder I get to asking myself, What kind of a damn fool business am I in?"

TWILIGHT STRAFING

(Near Mareth, March 21, 1943)

It's too late now, even to be afraid,
to wish the day more delicate and cool,
to think of times when you were back at school,
of books you read, of music you heard played,

of girls you danced with, and who held your hand,
humming the season's hit tune in your ear.
There's not time now, and they don't focus clear;
This doesn't fit the pattern that was planned.

This cuts it off and isolates that past.
Waiting fierce ages flattened in the sand
you find no room for reasons, patterns, and
staring at sky grown treacherous and vast,
you search among books, faces, years, in vain
to dig some surer slit trench in your brain.

—Edward Fenton

• •

THE Morey Company occupies the site of an old stoneyard on Twenty-sixth Avenue in Astoria, alongside the East River, just across Hell Gate from Ward's Island. The company has its own dock on the river, right beside the plant. Since 1941 two wings, which have tripled the capacity of his plant, have been added to the one long shed Morey started out in business with. Like most plants engaged in war production, Morey's is hopelessly overcrowded. The personnel department is housed in a made-over garage, and to reach Sigmund Morey's small office from the plant's entrance it is necessary to negotiate a watchman's hut, the factory yard, a public waiting room, the telephone switchboard room, two dark halls, a flight of stairs, and a corner of the drafting room. This enforced informality is the price of almost continuous expansion. The buildings are crowded with cranes, block-and-tackles, and an array of pulleys and hooks. Machine tools weigh anything from half a ton to fifty or sixty tons, and the special problems of manufacturing, assembling, and crating such giants in a small and cramped plant are being aggravated this year by an increase in the number of women workers, who can hardly be expected to do the heavy labor performed by the men they have replaced.

In Morey's opinion, these problems are likely to carry over into peacetime, especially in the manufacture of machine tools. Now that women have looked on factory life and found it good and now that industry has found women the equal of men in many jobs, Morey believes that it will be necessary to design heavy machinery so easy to operate that a girl weighing a hundred pounds or less will be able to handle them. With this future in mind, Morey has carefully assembled a designing department which has not what he considers the usual, heavy-handed, machine-tool point of view. Some of the designers, who number about twenty, are German or Austrian refugees, trained in the best technical schools abroad, whom Morey discovered by the simple expedient of advertising for them in the newspapers. His chief designer is Secundo Luigi Casella, known as the Count, who has worked for Morey off and on for thirty years. Casella likes to reproach Morey for his inhumanity. "You're asking me to do the impossible," he says. "Month after month, always after me to do what no man can do. Now look what's happened. I've gone and done it." Casella, a tall, thin man with a beard, studies the bowl of his pipe. "But it was only in self-defense," he says, enjoying what is evidently a familiar jest. "It won't happen again."

Morey used to make a point of knowing all his employees by their first names, but he hasn't been able to keep this up lately because of the great increase in personnel. Some of the older men have worked for the company since it was founded, and a few had been working for Himoff's several years before Morey joined the firm. They proudly recount not only the number of years they have worked for the Himoff and Morey family but the exact number of months. Recently, when one mild, white-haired employee claimed to be finishing his thirtieth year at the Morey plant, another man sharply corrected him. "Twenty-nine and a half, Benny, is the time. For me is thirty years, two months already." The firm's relations with its employees have always been friendly and the turnover in workers has been regarded in the trade as phenomenally low. Morey accepts as inevitable but by no means necessary the presence of a union; the C.I.O., which organized the plant in 1940, set up Local 1227 of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machinery Workers of America there.

Thanks to a rather casual family atmosphere, the division of responsibility from top to bottom of the company is simple. These days Sigmund Morey spends a good deal of his time on the road, getting contracts from the Army and Navy and bidding on subcontracts from private firms. If a contract calls for a machine tool which has already been designed, Morey gives the blueprints—which may number hundreds of sheets and include scores of intricate drawings of parts in which tolerances are no more than three ten-thousandths of an inch—to his son Leonard, who is a vice-president of the company and production manager. If the contract calls for a brand-new kind of machine tool, Morey turns over the specifications to Casella and the other designers, who generally find ways of speeding up its manufacture. The designers then pass the blueprints on to Leonard, who estimates the cost of materials, the length of time required for execution, and the availability of men and equipment.

Kommandantur
RUSSLAND
DEUTSCHLAND
alain

"That's Colonel-General von Knapp. He has the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross, the Pour-le-Mérite, the Spanish Laureate Cross of St. Ferdinand, the Grand Cordon of the Supreme Order of the Chrysanthemum, is one of the Führer's most trusted aides, and has been portrayed on the screen by Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Erich von Stroheim."

• •

Leonard Morey, a stocky young man of twenty-seven, gave up school while still in his teens to take a job in the shop as a floor sweeper, working his way up through the various departments as a planer, borer, and miller. It is up to Leonard to regulate the flow of raw materials and processed goods and to meet at least once a week with union representatives for a discussion of the company's present production and future prospects and to deal with any grievances the men may have. Morris G. Himoff, Sigmund Morey's uncle-in-law and an engineer and inventor, is general manager and serves as an adviser to Leonard and his father.

Under Himoff and Leonard, and directly responsible to them, there are twenty-eight foremen, gang leaders, and set-up men, most of them drawn from the hundred-odd employees of the plant in what Sigmund Morey sometimes finds himself describing, to his astonishment, as the good old days. To stimulate competition between the various sections of the shop, the crews have been organized under patriotic titles, such as the Victory Turreteers and MacArthur's Millers. The average machinist, male or female, earns about sixty-five dollars for a week of fifty-six hours and the average foreman earns a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, roughly double what machinists and foremen were earning in the normal year of 1938. The payroll and other bookkeeping operations are supervised by Samuel Morey, Sigmund's brother, who also runs the company's offices downtown, at 410 Broome Street. Since the firm's volume of sales this year is expected to be about ten times greater than it was five years ago, the bookkeeping is hardly a simple task.

Sigmund Morey's lack of enthusiasm in the face of so much prosperity is less unreasonable than it appears. "In the first place," he says, "the number of machine-tool orders is dropping fast. Barring the development of new kinds of weapons, war plants in the country are as thoroughly retooled as they'll ever need to be, so *that* part of the feast is over. Now we're having to switch to end products. For instance, I signed a contract the other day to make gun carriages for the Navy, just like we did in the first World War. And we're dickering to make some hydraulic pontoon gear for the PBY's, stuff like that. The profit on such work is regulated by law, and it's a lot less than we used to get in the old days, dealing with private concerns and foreign governments. Furthermore, Uncle Sam reserves the right to renegotiate any contract on which the profits turn out to be too high, and, the moment the war is over, to cancel all existing contracts, paying only for work already completed." Morey rubs his thinning brown hair. "It's nice to be doing a big business, sure, to be up on top of the wave, but it's not so nice to be running around from morning to night six or seven days a week, never getting a chance to sit down quiet like a human being and take a look at your wife and kids. I'm a squirrel on a wheel, and I'm sick of it."

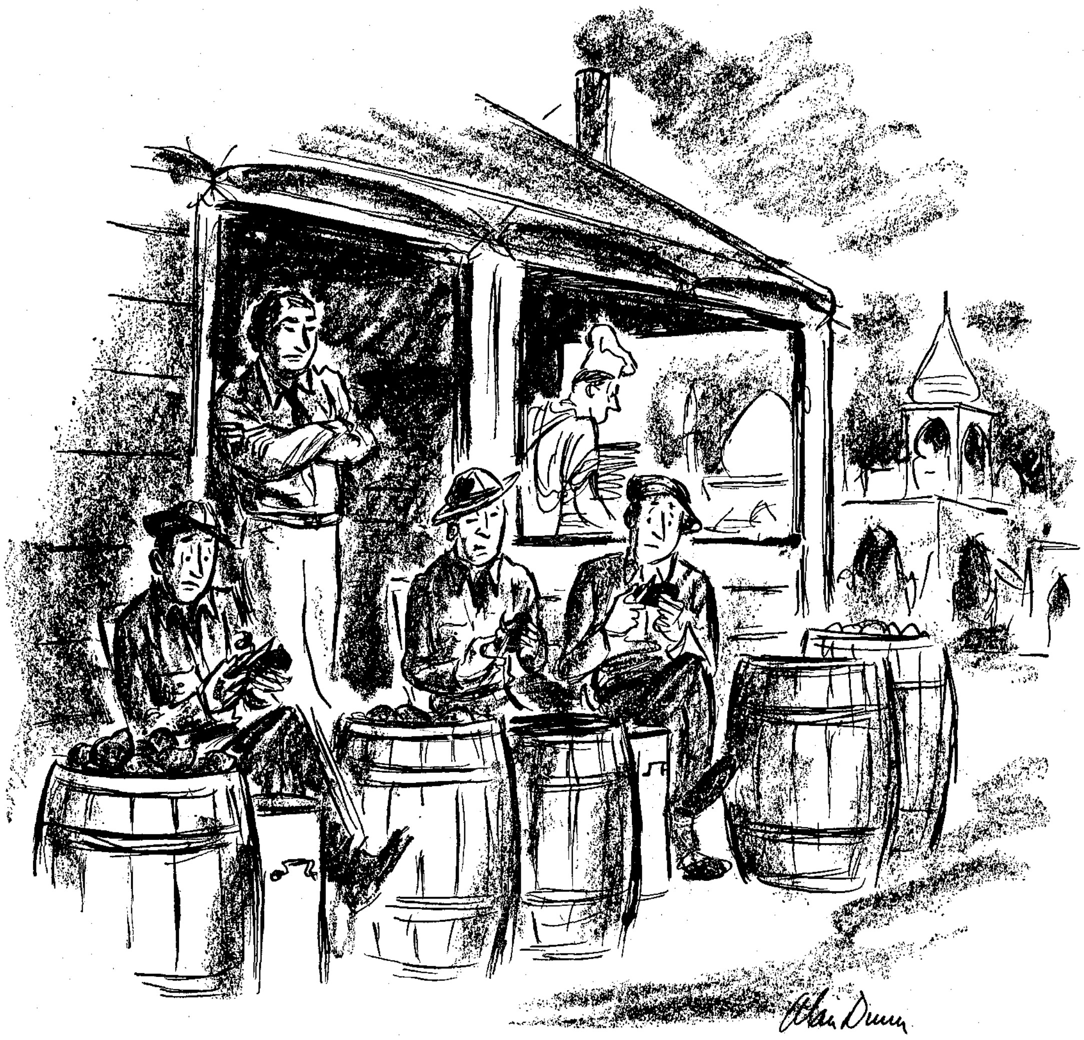
By way of clinching the case, Morey brings up, with the air of a man who is beyond pain, the question of taxes. "Suppose we gross fifteen million this year. All right. Suppose we net around a million. All right. Corporation taxes will take about eight hundred thousand of that. Then we got to keep fifty or seventy-five thousand on hand to maintain our cash position. The company is family-owned, and we always pay out the rest in dividends. The dividends get taxed again. All right. So I end up with maybe thirty-five or forty thousand dollars out of that gross of fifteen million I had to sweat for twelve months to get." Morey smiles gently. "Taxes," he says, rocking his head. "Taxes, taxes, taxes. Maybe there are easier ways to earn a living?"

THE Moreys have three children besides Leonard, who is married and lives in Purchase—a son who is a sophomore at Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute and plans eventually to enter the designing end of the business, and two daughters, one of whom is married and has a daughter. Mrs. Morey, a youthful-looking grandmother, seems to inherit the family talent for design. Much of the furniture in the Moreys' large, comfortable house in Elmsford, near White Plains, was built according to her specifications. Now that two of the children are married and one is away at college, the Moreys are rather lonely in their big house, and they generally spend the winter in an apartment in town. This year the tennis court at their Elmsford place was turned into a Victory garden. Morey has been so busy lately that he has been unable to enjoy his regular game of golf. "No time to practice," he explains, gripping an imaginary club between his fingers and waggling his wrists. "No time for anything but hopping trains. But after this is over, Mrs. Morey and I are going to look around for a nice little farm where we can take things easy, with a golf course next door and no long-distance phone calls coming through."

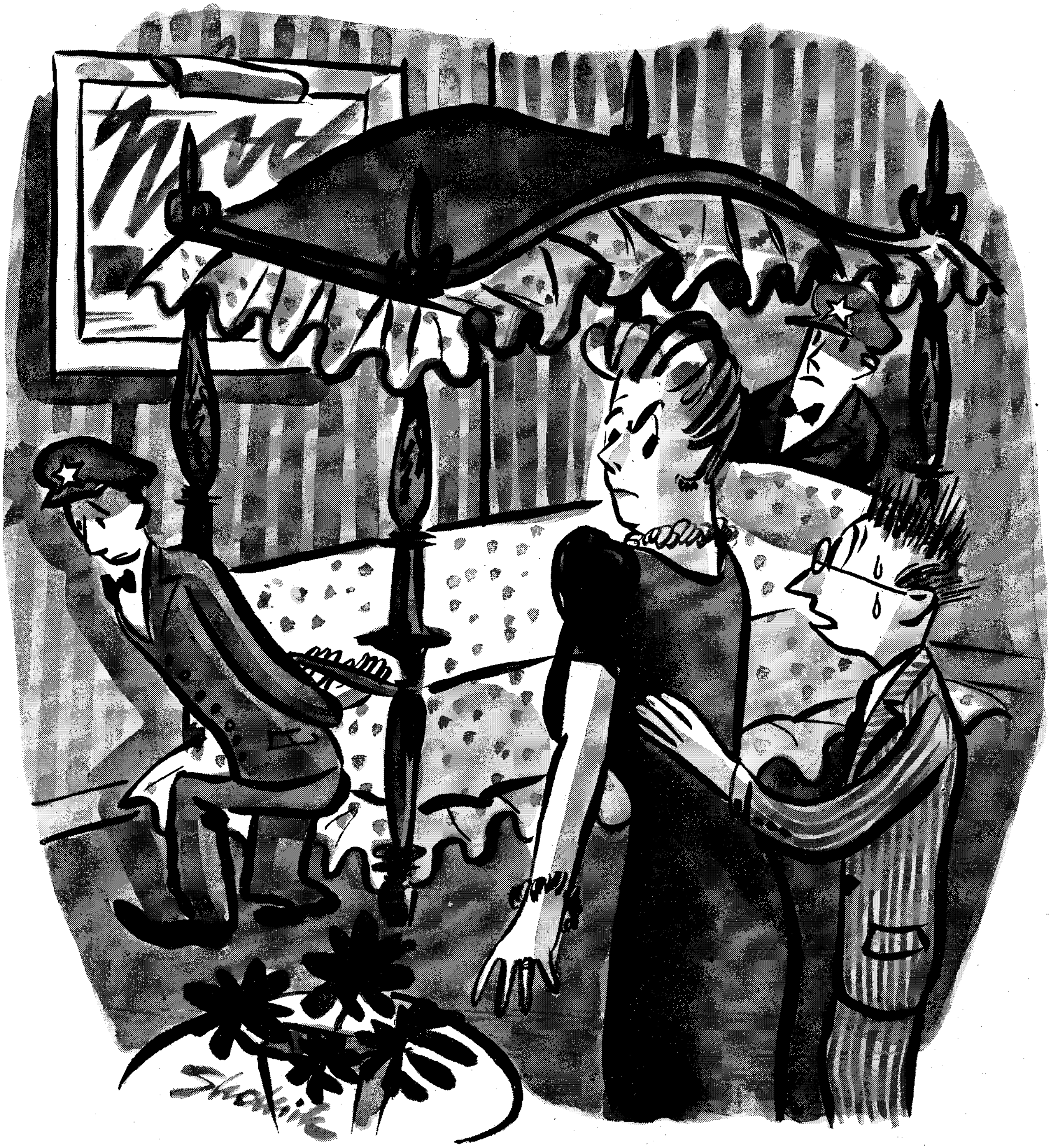
Morey rarely says, "After this is over." He prefers not to look beyond the expiration dates of the company's current contracts. He has pointed out to Leonard, however, that the fate of the company depends less on their energy and ingenuity than on the government's foreign policy. "If the country tries to crawl back into its hole again," he says, "if we have high tariffs and international restrictions, and all the rest of it, businesses like ours are liable to be wiped out. There are enough machine tools packed into this country today to last us twenty or thirty years. The only way we can open up a new market is to distribute the old machines all over the world. We got to build up Europe again and we got to help build up Asia and Africa, the way we should have done a long time ago. If everything turns out right, we'll have the biggest years of our life ahead of us, and we won't be producing to kill people but to sell them what they need at prices they can afford to pay."

If Morey is generally too busy for prophecy, it may be because the job of winning the war seems as real and immediate to him as the machines crated on the dock outside his office, with "Russia" stencilled over and over on their sides in code. He keeps at hand a telegram the War Department sent him several months ago, which reads, "Our fighting men, standing shoulder to shoulder with our gallant allies, the British and French, have driven the enemy out of North Africa. In this victory the munitions made by American industry, labor, and management played a very important rôle. There is glory for us all in this achievement." The telegram is signed "Eisenhower." To Morey it doesn't matter that several hundred copies of this telegram were probably distributed throughout the country; the fact remains that a Postal Telegraph boy actually delivered the Allied Commander's personally signed message at the gate of the Morey plant in Astoria.

Also in Morey's desk is a letter from a former Morey machinist, a peculiarly articulate young man, who wrote back recently from one of the fronts, "As a member of the armed forces, for whom all of our production is destined, I thought you would like to know that the results of all our work are making themselves felt in a great deal of equipment that we use. Of course, I do not come in contact with all the things that are produced on our machines, but we do have machine guns made by



"Don't eat fruit or vegetables unless they have been cooked or unless you have peeled them yourself."—U. S. Army Pocket Guide to India.



"What is it—an air raid shelter?"

MORTON is perplexed, and no wonder. For Cynthia, a staunch devotee of Modern, has suddenly yielded to a yen for Early American. We, at Macy's, can understand *his* bewilderment and *her* weakness. We, too, are pushovers for our Forward House furniture, which is tastefully but not aggressively modern. But once we wander into Guilford House among the Early American reproductions, we also yearn for canopies and highboys, rather than highballs and canapes. Guilford House furniture has a grace, a mellow complexion, a genial, welcome-on-the doormat look that gets us. Besides, the price tags make *everybody* feel at home.

Have a look around on our Ninth Floor yourself, and you'll see why canny customers with an eye for beauty and sound investments buy Macy furniture. It's not just something to sit on, or sleep in. You'll find pieces that you'll regard as members of the family, that you'll want to live with indefinitely. *That's* the kind of stuff to buy in times like these, when *everyone* needs to save.

Now more than ever,
it's smart to be thrifty.

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MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
CONRAD NAGEL VIOLA FRAYNE
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

the Saginaw Gear Division of General Motors and a number of Thompson sub-machine guns made by the Auto Ordnance Company, and I can see in all these weapons where the Morey profiler was used to a very great extent. Almost all of the intricate parts of these guns would be impossible of production if it were not for the possibilities of the Morey profiler, for all the parts of these guns are made in the most intricate shapes one could imagine, and they must all be interchangeable with similar parts from other guns of the same type. I have learned that some time ago you were presented with the Army-Navy E, and it is easy for one who is in daily contact with the results of the production to understand that it was well merited."

To Morey, these are rewarding words. The presentation of the Army-Navy E was, in fact, one of the most rewarding moments of his life, and in proof of it he delivered, before his assembled employees, the longest public utterance of his career. Its marshalling of familiar phrases, the echoes of the New Testament, Churchill, Lincoln, and George M. Cohan, serve to indicate Morey's state of mind. The speech, in full, ran as follows: "Our President, in his Pearl Harbor address to Congress, called for unremitting toil to achieve victory. In our humble way we have sought to keep the faith and have tried always to advance to greater levels of production. The men and women of Morey's have a deep pride and sense of satisfaction in the award just made. And it is fitting that they feel so. For, whatever his or her task, to each one goes the recognition for a hard job well done. Achievements are the results not of wishful thinking but of blood, sweat, and tears. Ladies and gentlemen, let us accept this great honor in humbleness; let us, each one of us, vow that we will carry on to victory in the spirit expressed by the Army-Navy Production Award. I know that I speak the sentiments of all when I pray for the early success of our forces over those of evil. I accept this award on behalf of each man and woman of Morey's. I accept it with their thanks and with a solemn promise that we will never rest until it's over over there."—BRENDAN GILL

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MEAT SHORTAGE: DOCTOR SAYS NUTS, FRUIT BETTER FOR NATION'S HEALTH
—*Headline in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Come, Doctor, watch your language, please!

OPENS TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3rd
ROBERT REUD and PAUL CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
A play by Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH THEA. 45 W. of B'way CI. 6-5969 Eves. 8:40
First Matinee Thursday, August 5th

RICHARD KOLLMAR presents
A New Musical Comedy
EARLY TO BED
Muriel ANGELUS   Richard KOLLMAR   Mary SMALL   Bob HOWARD
Book and Lyrics by GEORGE MARION Jr.
Music by THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER
Air-Conditioned BROADHURST W. 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ARTHUR TREACHER
SENOR WENCES   SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE   Tommy WONDER   Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Conditioned
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.

"IT WAS A GREAT DAY FOR BROADWAY WHEN 'OKLAHOMA' BLEW INTO TOWN" Burns Mantle, News
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Air Cond.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
CARY GRANT
"Mr. Lucky"
LARAINE DAY • Charles Bickford • Gladys Cooper
An RKO-Radio Picture
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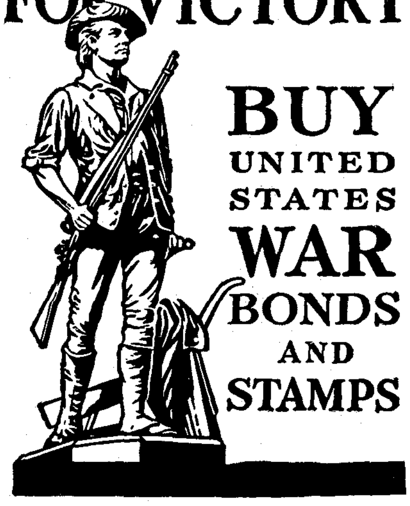

THE
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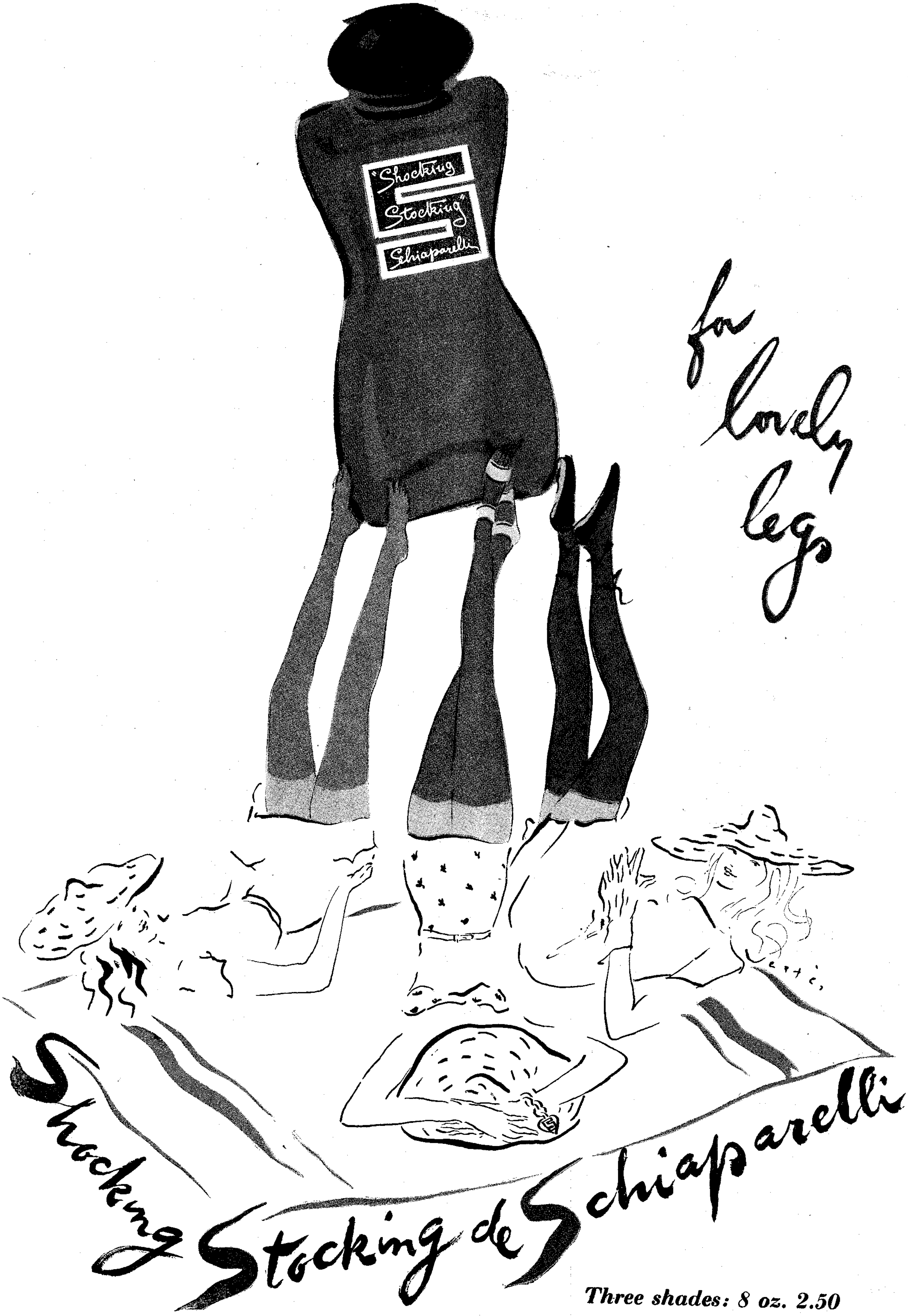
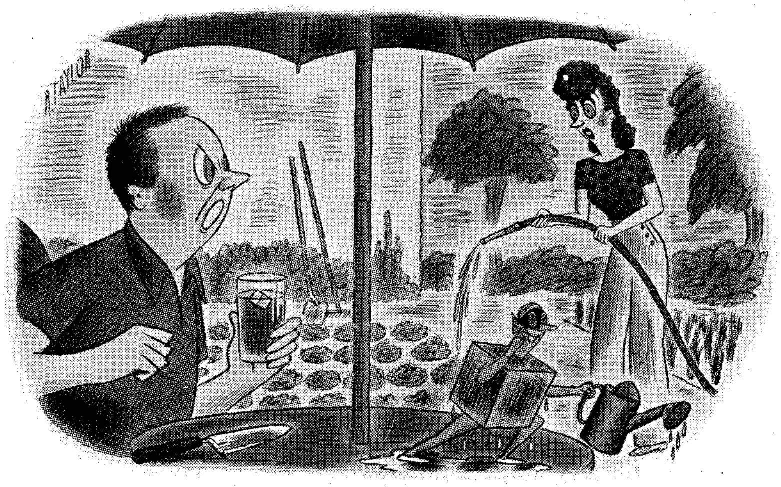
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!


'Shocking'
Stocking
Schiaparelli
for lovely legs
Shocking Stocking de Schiaparelli

Three shades: 8 oz. 2.50

Moka (dark) Chocolat (medium) Gratiné (light)



V-Gardener: Who irrigated my drink?

V-GARDENER: Bah! My last jigger of Old Fossil Whiskey—ruined!

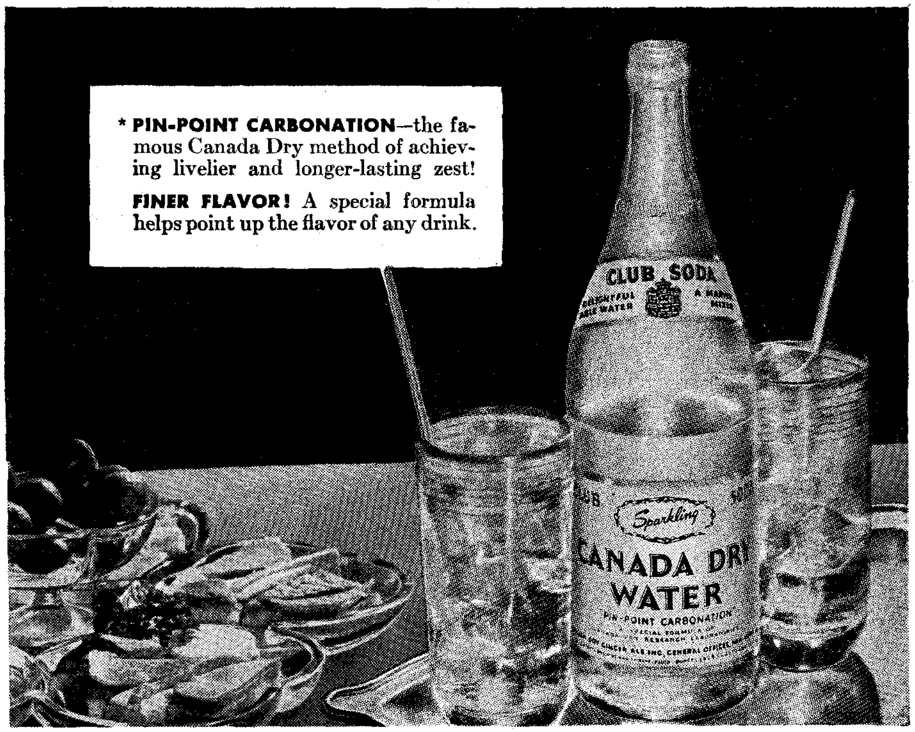
MELTING ICE (aside): Heh, heh! While my air bubbles steal the sparkle right out of the drink his wife made with that Goflat Soda, my ice water is diluting what's left. Egad, how diverting!

V-GARDENER: Yum! Try and ruin *this* drink, Wetface! I used Canada Dry Water!

MELTING ICE: Plow me under! I can't fight "PIN-POINT CARBONATION."* Its millions of tinier bubbles give last-drop sparkle!

V-GARDENER: What a bumper crop of bubbles—and after all this time!

BOTTLE: You said a mouthful! A recapped bottle of Canada Dry Water in the refrigerator really holds its sparkle!



* **PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

FINER FLAVOR! A special formula helps point up the flavor of any drink.

CANADA DRY WATER

SAVE MONEY, conserve caps. Buy the big bottle.

OF ALL THINGS

THE collapse of Mussolini evidently means that Italy will get out of the war. The new government will probably sue for peace as soon as it has swept up the sawdust.

•

Axis spokesmen say that they intend to retaliate in kind upon New York for the bombing of Rome. No doubt they would like to demolish the city's great cultural monuments, like Grand Central station.

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Berlin has so far offered no explanation of the failure of the Nazi offensive in Russia. However, the Germans will probably soon point out that this has been the hottest summer in a hundred and thirty years.

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The average Italian seems to have lost his taste for fasces. From all indications, he would gladly trade them in for four freedoms and a pair of shoes.

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The government is concerned about the epidemic of optimism now sweeping the country. People suffering from this ailment are subject to spells of cheerfulness and bright spots before their eyes.

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Mr. Willkie ought not to decry the suggestion that Colonel Robert McCormick be the Republican candidate for President. In tense times like these he ought to let us have all the amusement and relaxation we can get.

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Mussolini has retired after having lost what is perhaps his only claim to greatness. Italian trains no longer run on time.

•

War production has lagged in recent months, but a sharp upturn appears imminent. With two cups of coffee for breakfast, anybody should be able to stay awake all day.

•

George Sylvester Viereck has been convicted again. One more victory and the United States will get permanent possession.

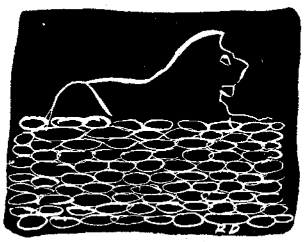
•

Residents of Olive Hill, Kentucky, wrecked the town hall there in protest against a midnight curfew. The dispatches, however, didn't tell us what happens in Olive Hill that is worth staying up late for. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

LETTER FROM LONDON

July 26 (by cable)

NEEDLESS to say, this is a one-topic city today. Some Londoners heard late last night, and the rest of them early this morning, the news that Hitler's "utensil," as the British Broadcasting Company's announcer disdainfully phrased it, had fallen off the Axis shelf. Although it is far too early for anyone to say what the news will mean to the Allied timetable, it's safe to guess that most families will be bringing out the monthly ration of Scotch tonight to celebrate what to even the most cautious looks like the beginning of the end. The invasion of Sicily, which had at first seemed a highly promising dress rehearsal on Europe's doormat for the more elaborate performance to be given inside the house, now appears to have been far more important than anyone had anticipated in its effect on Italian morale and, consequently, on the Fascist government.



The Canadian part of the Sicilian show was particularly gratifying to the English, who for more than three years had found themselves in the apologetic position of a host who had asked the boys over for a hunting trip and then couldn't show them any real sport. Not even the stiff check before Catania really damped the general optimism. Londoners have great faith in the Eighth Army, and they're apt to say, "Monty's there," as though that took care of everything. A while back, of course, they were saying, "Monty's here," even though the General's visit was supposed to have been an official secret, to the annoyance of Fleet Street and the mystification of the crowds who gathered to cheer the familiar beret in its peregrinations through the city. Maybe the General didn't share the War Office view that he should understudy the invisible man during his stay. Instead of skulking about town in mufti, he took himself shopping and to theatres looking as though he had just stepped from a tank at El Alamein. The most unobservant Londoner couldn't, and didn't, miss him.

UNTIL yesterday, however, the bombing of Rome, even more than the progress in Sicily, was for most people the big news of the week. From now on, naturally, there won't be much discussion of whether or not it was advisable. At the outset, it appeared that most Britons regarded it as a regrettable necessity. Inevitably, the correspondence columns of the *Times* were filled with a heated debate on whether irreplaceable antiquities or human lives were more precious and whether the damaged Basilica of San Lorenzo rated higher aesthetically than the bombed cathedrals of Canterbury and Coventry. In general, people doubted that the material results of the raid were worth its political and psychological dangers. At any rate, those who know their Italy and had been worried about the threat to the little walled cities and the villas with Tiepolo ceilings are considerably heartened today. Mussolini's resignation, they feel, will mean a speedier end of the bombing of the places they loved so well.

A GOOD many London office workers plan to spend their holidays this summer helping the Home Guards and schoolboys get in the harvest, which is, according to early reports, a knockout. That is excellent news. But harvest time means that the early and chilly English autumn can't be far behind, and Britons' thoughts are not unnaturally turning to the fuel problem and speculation about the season's prospects. The prospect right now would appear to be a gloomy one. Last year's exceptionally mild winter saved the Ministry of Fuel's skin and the public from chilblains, but there's no guarantee that it will be repeated and no point in dodging the fact that the coal situation is bad. Mr. Ernest Bevin raised a storm last week when he told the Mine Workers Federation at Blackpool that, at a time when a full-scale invasion of the Continent is in the offing, production is so far behind demand that he would be forced to order lads of sixteen into the pits. Public reaction was so shocked that it seems likely the Bevin plan will have to be considerably modified. Possibly the country's disapproval was colored by the practical objection that the young miners would have to spend the coming crucial six months learning the trade and consequently not making much of an improvement in the coal supply.

The problem, of course, will be not only to keep the home fires burning but also to stoke the liberating ones which everyone hopes will soon be spreading across Europe. A campaign has already been started to educate Britons in the important new idea that they must not only keep their own families warm, fed, and clothed but must help warm, feed, and clothe strangers they'll never meet in towns and villages that they will probably never see. Coincident with Bevin's desperate proposal came the announcement that fifty thousand tons of British coal a week would have to be shipped to Sicily and that the public would have to do with less chocolate, since most of the supply was being earmarked for occupied Europe against the day the great handout begins.

POSSIBLY the thought of what the coming winter will be like in country districts, where fuel supplies are apt to be skimpy, has been responsible for the rush of evacuated children back to London, although the recent absence of German bombers over the capital and their unpleasant habit of attacking reception areas instead may have had a good deal to do with it. On an average, some eight hundred children are returning to London every week. This is creating quite a situation for the County Council schools, which are having as tough a time trying to squeeze homing scholars into inadequate substitutes for blitzed premises as the village schools had in 1939. Now that signposts, which had been tucked away in the days when an invasion of this country seemed imminent, are appearing again and nothing but the local accents are heard in many village playgrounds, returning weekenders say that rural England has, superficially at least, an almost prewar air. —Mollie Panter-Downes

◆

Q. I have a child of three who wakens with the birds.

A. Tell him as he goes to bed tonight, he must not get up tomorrow morning till the clock rings. Plan to be on hand if he wakens earlier. Should he rise to his knees or feet, smack him and make sure he never can repeat this without getting the same kind of instant pain. If you really are consistent it will not be many mornings before he will have learned to sleep to a reasonable regular hour.—*Glens Falls (N.Y.) Times.*

While you're at it, smack down a few birds, too.

◆

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Boston Daily Globe*]

A Prophecy

During an argument about the peace that will follow the war James Cagney, film star, said at a Hollywood dinner:

A REPORTER AT LARGE

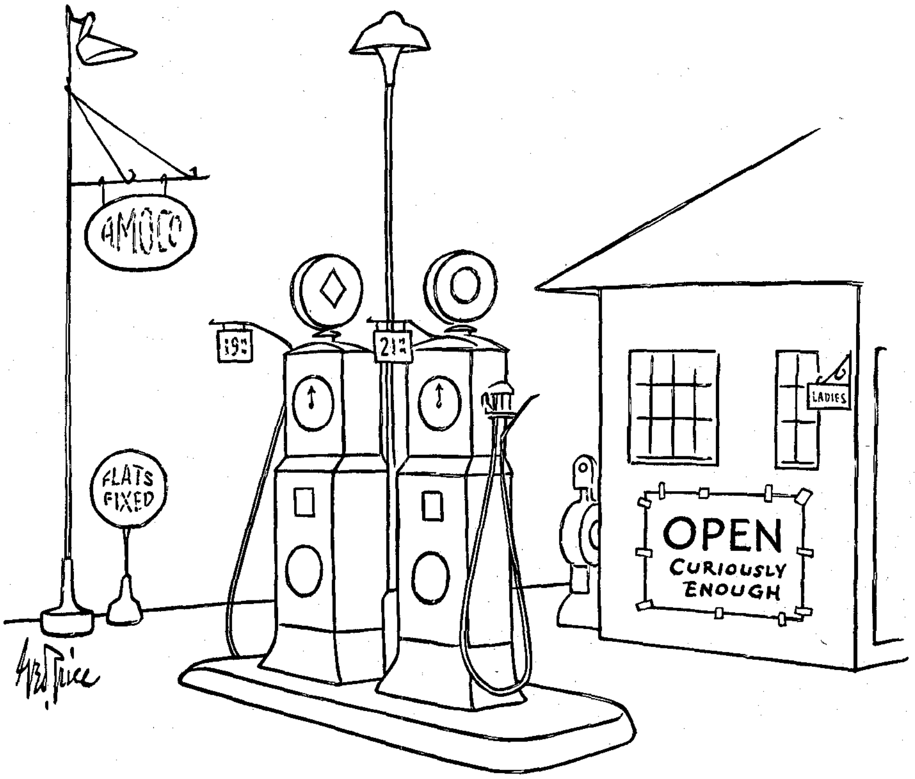
GERMANY BELOW

HIS real name can't be told, because his father is still in Norway, but I'll call him Ulf Nordman. Ulf has been on thirty bombing raids over Germany and German-occupied territory, as a navigator in the Royal Norwegian Air Force attached to an R.A.F. squadron flying four-motored Halifaxes. He is twenty-six, tall and slim, and has gentle hands and a kindly, freckled face. He loves Norway, peace, and a girl in London, and he hates Germans, with whom he feels, like most Norwegians, he has a personal score to settle. Germans bombed his home town to bits during the invasion of Norway, in 1940. They put his father, a country schoolmaster, into a concentration camp. His mother later died, of causes unknown. His best friend, Erling, was tortured by the Gestapo. Although Ulf takes satisfaction in the knowledge that countless Germans have been blown sky high by bombs dropped from his Halifax, he will not consider his account with the Reich closed until he returns to the air over Munich and Bremen, Berlin and the Ruhr as a pilot instead of a navigator. After R.A.F. bomber crews have made thirty raids, they are ordered to non-operational duty for six months, and Ulf is spending his six months in pilot training at Little Norway, a flight school of the Royal Norwegian Air Force a hundred miles north of Toronto in lake, birch, and pine country reminiscent of southern Norway. One evening recently I met him there in his barracks, and we talked about Norway and the war over Germany, the two things most on his mind.

The desk and dresser in Ulf's room were covered with aviation books and magazines. Several pictures of a pretty, dimpled Norwegian nurse were tacked to the walls. Another picture of the same girl stood framed on a shelf over his bed. Ulf invited me to sit at his desk and then he stretched out on the bed, propping two pillows behind him. He talked slowly and quietly, with barely a trace of accent. With his legs dangling over the side of the bed and his sandy hair falling into his eyes, he looked like, say, an Indiana farm boy just home from fishing. He was born, he told me, on the coast of Norway, in a town of four thousand people. "That's a common-sized town for Norway," he said. "All the houses were wooden, making it a simple matter for the Germans." Ulf spent a great part of his boyhood tinkering with motors, and after being graduated from high school he went to a technical school in Sweden to study mechanics. In June, 1939, he joined the Royal Norwegian Air Force as a ground-crew man and has been in the service, in one capacity or another, ever since. In December of 1939, when he was stationed in Trondheim, he was granted a forty-eight-hour pass and rented a motorbike and rode home, surprising his parents on Christmas Eve. It was the last time he saw them.

When the Germans invaded, in April of the following year, Ulf was stationed with an Air Force detachment at a small airfield outside the town of Bardufoss, in the far north, where there were eight old planes. "The Germans ruined the airdrome," he said, "but we fooled them a while by putting skis on the planes and using the frozen lakes not far away. Soon as they found out, we made tracks on the ice, as though the planes had just taken off, and hid the planes in some fields. When they decided we were in the fields, we were on the lakes again, and when they roared over the lakes, we were back in the fields. Jerry was methodical, as usual, and I could set my watch at four every morning when he came over, and several times during the day. We didn't stand a chance against their big Heinkels and four-motored Junkers and all that modern equipment, and I used to shake my fists at the sky and pray for big planes, new planes, thousands of them, to bomb the Germans to hell. We had a few planes left at the middle of May, when the British arrived with two squadrons of fighters. They did splendidly—shot down forty-eight German planes in a fortnight. Our colonel managed to get hold of nine more ships somewhere, including Fokkers that weren't equipped to release bombs. We just went up and chucked bombs overboard at the Germans. That made us feel better and more optimistic about winning. During the campaign I was made a lieutenant. North of us the Germans captured a railroad, but the Norwegians took it back. When the Germans tried to recapture it by parachute, our boys picked the men off like ducks as they floated down. Those that landed had no skis and got stuck in the soft snow. They couldn't budge and just squatted there, looking pompous and silly. Things were going well until the French and Belgian situation turned black in June and the British had to pull out. June seventh was the end for us."

Ulf left Norway on the British heavy cruiser Devonshire, with King Haakon and the Crown Prince, some government officials, and thirty other Norwegian Air Force officers. "On the way to England," Ulf said, lighting a cigarette, "the King often talked with us on the rear deck. His talk was benign, as a



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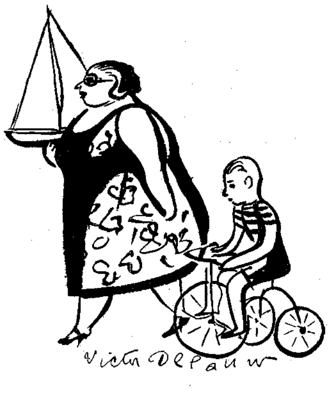
Mary Dunhill
FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

good king's talk would be. He thanked us for holding out against the Germans and said we should carry on the same way. He said, I remember, that he hoped we would soon be back in our own country." The fliers went to Scotland and got permission from the British government to set up a Norwegian Air Force training station there. Soon they were joined by other Norwegian officers and men, many of whom had escaped from their country in fishing boats. The commanding officer managed to get delivery on some fighter planes that had been ordered for the Norwegian Air Force in the United States two years before the war. Toward the end of July, Ulf and some eighty other members of what was left of the Air Force set sail for Canada to establish Little Norway.

Ulf had to wait two years before he got a chance to bomb Germany. His officers, who wanted to use his mechanical skill to train other fliers, made him ground-crew chief at Little Norway, a job which gave him a sense of frustration, for his one wish was to pilot a bomber over the Reich. After a long series of arguments with his superiors, a compromise was reached, and, with that inexplicable logic common to all armies, he was made a navigator. Ulf accepted the compromise philosophically, feeling that he had at least worked his way off the ground. Germany came somewhat nearer to realization in May, 1942, when, still a navigator, he was assigned to a Norwegian unit attached to the R.A.F. Ferry Command and made five trips across the Atlantic delivering bombers. Ulf considers the ferry assignment a dull part of his military career. "We had carburetor trouble on the first trip," he said, "and dropped six thousand feet before the de-icing machinery began to work. But, on the whole, ferrying in the summer is what the British call a piece of cake. Each trip we had too much time on our hands waiting in England for a Liberator to give us a lift back to Canada, so we flew planes around the country, learning the terrain. Whenever I was back in Toronto, I spent all my money on private flying lessons and managed ninety-six hours solo. Every time I went up, I dreamed I was over Germany." That dream came true in October, 1942, when Ulf was assigned, along with three pilots and two other navigators, all compatriots, to an R.A.F. bombing squadron in England.



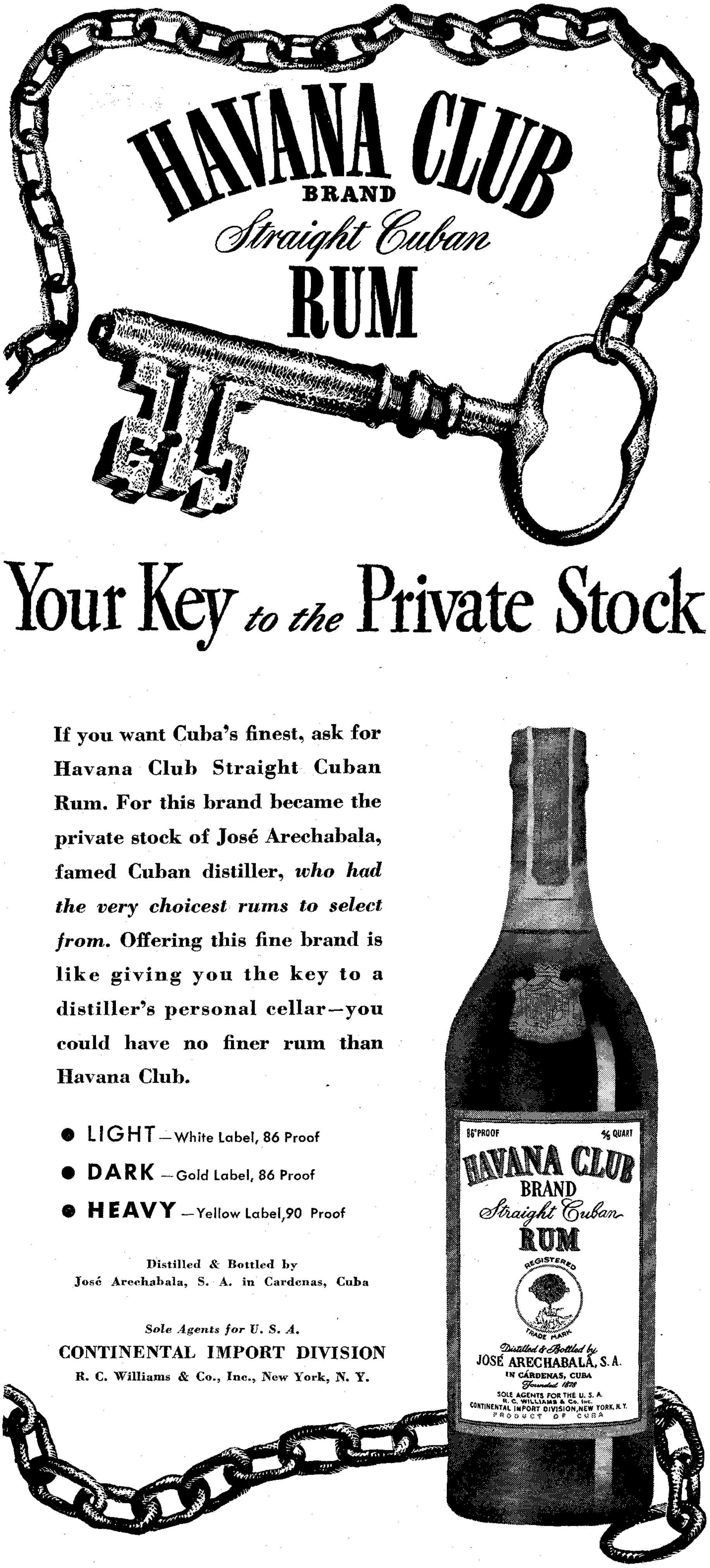
Ulf rearranged the pillows behind him and lit another cigarette. Outside it was growing dark, but through the window I could see a group of fliers practising takeoffs and landings in planes that looked no larger than bees, tiny blue-and-yellow Fairchild trainers. "Bombing Germany is like eating a good meal when you're hungry," Ulf said in a moment. "At the end you feel so satisfied. I was scared before my first raid, over Stuttgart. All those years of waiting, and so many stories about people getting nervous. They told us about Stuttgart around noon, and I knew that this meant about a nine-and-a-half-hour trip, with six and a half over enemy territory. All afternoon we had briefings, and finally we got secret signals and navigational stuff that are changed every night. Most of this can't be put down; we just have to remember it. We removed from our clothes everything that could identify us except the metal discs we wear, what we call the death marks. During the operational meal, before takeoff, I was excited. It's always an egg and bacon and coffee or tea. I had coffee. Afterward I got a chocolate ration of several bars. On all thirty trips I never touched one chocolate bar, but the bombardier always finished his before reaching the target. He wanted to die with his stomach full, I guess.

"Funny, everything quiets down the minute you get in the plane for a raid. You have so much to do, there's no time to worry. My office was a little compartment in front of the wireless man. The pilot was above and the bombardier forward. I couldn't see anything. My window was curtained and I sat over my charts at a desk with a desk lamp, the kind with a rheostat that makes the light bright or dim. There was no sound but the motors and the pilot asking now and again, through the intercom, 'Over the coast yet?' We had a Norwegian pilot, a wonderful, quiet fellow; I flew with him all thirty times. We came from Norway together. The rest of the crew was British. That bombardier was a peculiar fellow; he didn't just eat chocolate, he ate everything all the time, especially rolls with jam, and he had a book under his arm every minute he wasn't in the air. The flight engineer was Irish, a clever fellow, quick and cool, with the best eyes in the whole crew; he could see approaching planes before the rest of us. There were two gunners—tail and upper. The tail gunner was a typical Londoner, always in a good humor. He just sat there saying, 'Come on, you bahstards, come on,' and waited until they were close enough to see his eyes. I never saw the radio man from the time we landed until the next takeoff; he was Welsh and knew every Waaf on the island, and he slept late in the mornings."

Ulf shifted his pillows. "I was busy until ten minutes before we reached Stuttgart," he said. "Then I folded my charts and walked to the pilot's cabin and stood beside him, on his right, as observer. I knew we were headed straight and would arrive on the dot; we were due ten minutes after the attack started. The planes fly in bunches—wolf packs, they're called. Swarms of them come from all directions and suddenly, according to plan, are over the target. Jerry's defenses can't cope with it; he goes crazy. I saw it happen that night. Just before we came to Stuttgart, it was pitch black—the Germans have good blackouts—and then woof! the sky went wild with beams. You never saw such a thing—the searchlights beating against the sky and light flak coming up like fireworks with green and red and blue tracers. Heavy flak you can't see before it bursts. We made Stuttgart, and the show was on—orange flames leaping from the ground and flak and lights zigging back and forth. We just flew along. Sticking together, you don't get hurt, but the stragglers are shot down. That's why it's important to arrive on time. Like grouse-shooting; if you see a hundred birds flying along and shoot at the bunch, you may not hit even one, but let a bird fall behind, he's a definite target, he's yours, he's on the ground. Flak's the same way. All over the sky there were black puffs where the shells burst, but we flew right on. I couldn't see anything of the city—no factories or people—because of the smoke, and the only sound I heard was still just the hum of the motors, the old, familiar sound I'd heard the whole flight. Several times flak burst nearby and it went arf-arf-arf, like an angry dog barking, and the pilot did evasive action, making wild twists and turns that would have got him thrown out of the force during training.

"You never saw anything like it. It was so silent and beautiful—fires all over the ground, blockbusters dropping, and all hell breaking loose—and I couldn't hear anything but the motors. Once or twice I remembered I should be scared, but actually I was only frightened of myself because I felt like the big fellow, the fellow with all the cards. At last we had the equipment, the heavy stuff, and they were getting what they gave us. I looked at those terrible fires and knew we were bombing everything German, tearing it to shreds, machines and men and cats. It was hell down there, and I didn't care. Norwegians had never had thoughts like that before and I kept telling myself, 'The Germans taught you to hate, the Germans taught you to hate.' " Ulf looked at the ceiling a moment. "We were above the city about ten minutes," he said quietly, "but it seemed less than a second until the bombardier cried, 'There's another load, you sons of bitches!,' and then he called, 'Bombs gone,' and we turned for home."

ULF lit another cigarette, stood up, walked over to the window, looked out a moment or two, then lay down again. "Seven or eight raids and you begin to feel confident," he said. "Fifteen and you're considered experienced. Twenty and the other crews come to you for advice and luck. For some reason, between ten and twenty is safest. Trying to hit thirty, the last four or five are the tense ones; everybody's on edge, they want so much to get through. Our twenty-fifth was scheduled for Berlin, and we flew peacefully along until suddenly the ground opened up, the searchlights flashed, and there we were, sitting over Bremen! Compass failure. I'm here in Canada now, but I don't believe I'm alive. We were the lone bird I was talking about, and every anti-aircraft gun in Bremen was pumping at us. The pilot never moved a muscle—kept his eyes glued to the instrument board and ignored the flak all around. 'Flak to starboard,' I said to him, and he said, 'What you don't see and you don't hear you don't worry about.' Then the rear gunner called, 'Flak coming close, skipper,' and a few seconds later, 'Flak coming *mighty* close, skipper,' and then, his voice higher, 'Flak under my soles, skipper.' One motor was shot out and I heard the bombardier mutter, 'There goes my leave,' but we headed over a hot spot, a tangle of guns and lights, and dropped three bombs—kerploosh!—and another for good measure. Searchlights trapped us in their beams just as we flew into some clouds and nosed for home with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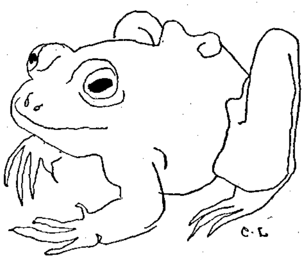
big and little holes all over the plane. Nobody was hurt.

“Really, the clouds saved us, but most of the crew felt surely it was the broom. The broom brought us luck. Our ground crew would hide a whisk-broom in the plane just before takeoffs. We never knew where it was, except that we knew it was on the plane. Night before the Bremen trouble, we were off duty, but the crew thought we were flying, so they hid the broom. Soon as they learned that another bunch was scheduled to fly the ship, they had an eerie hunch the broom was doomed. They figured that if the broom ran into trouble all *our* luck would disappear, so they went back to the ship and retrieved the broom. Sure enough, Jerry nabbed that plane, but the broom was saved and rode with us the next night, in another ship, over Bremen.



“Boys die rather fast in our business, so nobody sneers at a broom. Look, we flew five months and one week, all night bombings, and never lost a man. February was an especially clear month, great weather, so we bombed eleven times in about two weeks, running two nights in a row and then having one off, and nobody got scratched. The whole thirty trips, night fighters never attacked us, not once. They fly in packs, travelling hundreds of miles in the dark beneath you, following your course by signals from the ground, and always sneaking up closer and closer until finally they let loose with everything at one blast, and it's all over. Cat's-eye fighters are something else; they come out during raids, but if they see you, you see them, and it isn't too bad.” Ulf smiled.

“Eight of our trips were over the Ruhr, a nice target,” he went on. “Short trip, five or six hours, but through the most heavily defended spot on earth. For one searchlight someplace else, the Ruhr has a hundred. There are *thousands* of guns. We really pranged Krupp; gave it hell with blockbusters. You can tell without waiting for the pictures; smoke shoots up thousands of feet and for an instant the sky is as bright as day. Lighted skies make you nervous, though. Over Munich we hit a gas works, one of the largest on the Continent. Up went great sheets of light and the sky was a nightmare. Imagine somebody flashing a light into a dark aquarium and suddenly you see hundreds of big and little fish slithering in all directions, one fellow's tail just barely missing another one's nose. Planes clogged every inch of the air, flying all levels, headed every which way, and I closed my eyes and said, ‘Good God, we're going to collide, everybody's going to collide!’ When I opened my eyes the sky was dark except for the searchlights and you couldn't see a plane. Once in a while they do collide, of course—very pretty for an instant, like a Christmas tree with a shower of colored lights. Sometimes you wonder it doesn't happen more often.

“We learned little tricks, like heading toward a city and getting Jerry into a sweat, making him open up with the guns and lights, and then wheeling off for someplace else, or like telling one city from another by its flak. Bombing St. Nazaire and Lorient left a funny feeling; it's French ground, really, and you may hit Frenchmen. Berlin gives you a lift. Jerry boils when you bomb that town, but it's a fine entry for the log book and crews fight for a chance to make the run. The town itself isn't too bad, but reaching it spells trouble; you fly past heavily defended stuff. Funny thing about the British; all targets seem part of the day's work to them. We'd fly to Czechoslovakia to bomb Skoda, using the Danube as a marker, and one of the Englishmen would say, ‘Wizard show!’ Or, like the last trip, to Stettin, it was a beautiful moonlight night and we followed stunning waterways and canals, and somebody merely said, ‘Lovely fires.’ We Norwegians are probably more like Jerry when it comes to bombing. We sit up there all tense and angry. The British taught me to relax; it was a great lesson. ‘You'll live longer, relaxing’ the bombardier said one day at tea, ‘and you'll get just as much done.’ ”

ULF reached under the bed and pulled out a cardboard box containing a packet of letters tied together with cord. He untied the string and went through the letters, placing several beside him on the bed. “Norwegians are proud people,” he said. “They don't give orders and they won't take them. Everybody is educated, farmers and laboring people, and everybody respects his neighbors. My people can't understand the Germans. My father, for instance; they ordered him to teach history their way, to tell Norwegian boys that Hitler was the greatest man on earth, that Norwegians and Nazis were racial brothers, linked by blood. When the Nazis first came, they sang that tune. Father said no, such doctrine was impossible and wrong, so sometime in 1941 the devoted brothers placed him in a camp. Sometime in 1942 Mother died, while he was interned. Nobody seems to know what the cause was.” Ulf held up a soiled letter in a small white envelope. “The Germans must have treated Father badly,” he said, “for he wrote that he had been back home several months but was just *beginning* to feel like himself again.”

Ulf's few letters from Norway, he said, reveal practically nothing, but he learns a good deal from friends in neutral countries who gather news smuggled from the homeland. Fats, fruits, meat, and margarine, they write, are nonexistent. The Nazis take all fresh fish, and lately what is almost the Norwegians' last resource, dried fish that reaches the cities from the north, has been seized, too. Every German soldier on leave must carry back to the Fatherland twenty pounds of salt herring. The Nazis give the Norwegians ration cards, which elaborately include coupons for three classes of meat, but they are valueless. Norwegians must nonetheless register for the cards, and, once registered, they find their names on lists from which men are chosen to work on fortifications along the coast. Most of the population have serious stomach disorders. Mothers seem to be hit hardest by the lack of food. This is natural, Ulf said, since, to survive, almost every family has long since pooled its resources, and sisters, cousins, aunts, and grandparents have all moved into the same house. As Ulf put it, “A mother cannot see her child go hungry nor can she watch her parents starve to death. So she eats last.” A stranger visiting Norway, Ulf said, would be convinced there was no resistance to the Nazis, but that is only because everything has become silent and gone underground, a situation quite different from that of the early days of the occupation, when Norwegians flaunted their national colors, cut off the hair of Norwegian girls who were friendly to German soldiers, and ostentatiously wore paper clips in their lapels as symbols of solidarity. The German soldiers in Norway are constantly on edge, jumping like jacks-in-the-box at such commonplace sounds as the backfiring of a motor. Practically all the Gestapo's time is spent tracking down clues to the underground, which the Germans feel everywhere around them but cannot see.

“Often I worry about the pleasure bombing gives me,” Ulf said, in a voice so low I could barely hear him, "and then I think of Erling. He was my best friend, and he stayed behind for important work, but the Gestapo caught him. I have heard the reports from friends who have ways of knowing. During the first questioning they placed Erling six inches from a stone wall and gave him such a crack on the chin that his head was thrown back against the wall. They threw questions for hours, but he wouldn't speak, and they put him in a cell. Soon as he fell asleep, a light flashed into his face from the ceiling. Soon as he woke, the light flashed off. All night this happened, the light on, the light off. Next morning they questioned him again, saying they were really his best friends and would do no harm if he spoke. He refused, so they threw him on the floor, one man sitting on his knees and whacking the bottoms of his feet until the flesh fell away, another man jumping up and down on his chest until he became unconscious. For three nights and days they did many things to Erling, like breaking his fingers and tearing out his nails, and other things I will not tell you. On the third night they pulled him down two flights of stairs by his hair and sent word to his parents that he had died of heart failure during routine questioning. Erling was as big and broad as a tree, never sick in his life or cruel to anybody."

Ulf stood up and went to the window again. "When this war is over," he said, "I want to walk through the streets of German cities and look at the ruins." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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We regret to have to postpone the Blood Donor Day due to the gas situation and the ripening of the barley. Better luck next time.—*Montgomery County (Md.) Sentinel.*

That's the way things go.

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DETROIT (UP)—It probably always will remain a mystery how Mrs. Raymond Staples of Jackson, Mich., contracted a severe case of poison ivy while sitting on a jury in Federal Court.—*United Press dispatch in a Kentucky paper.*

The United Press gives up so easily!

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[*From an adv. in Town & Country*]

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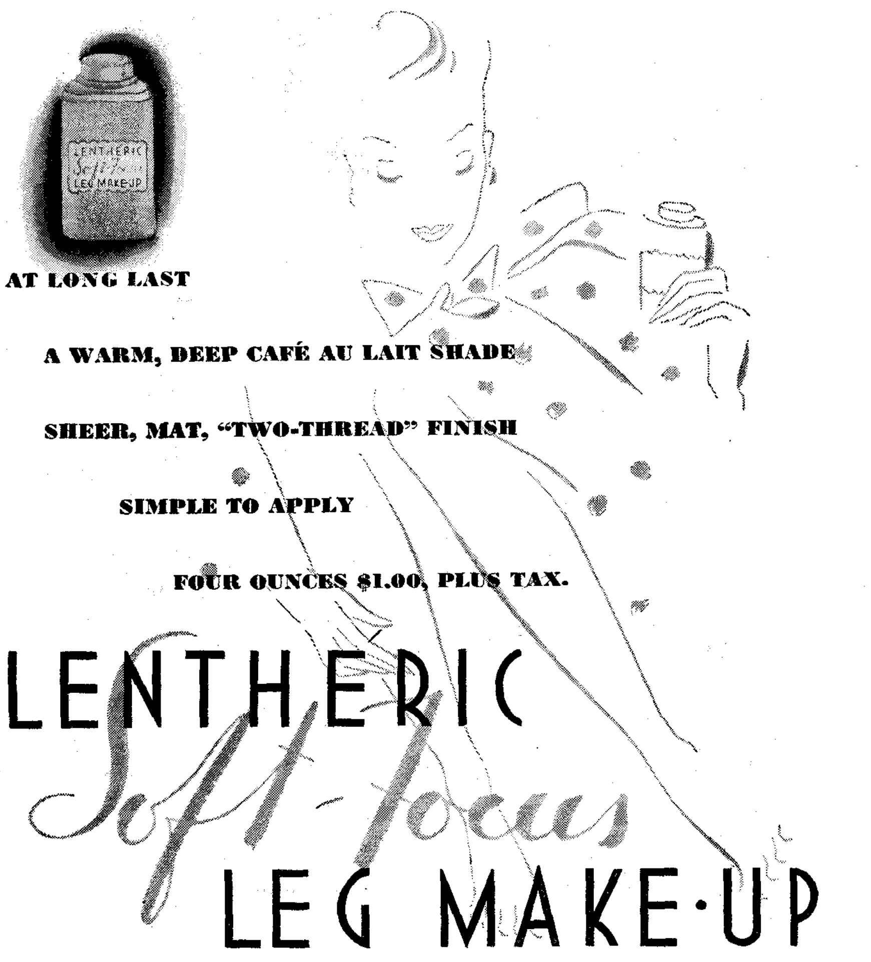

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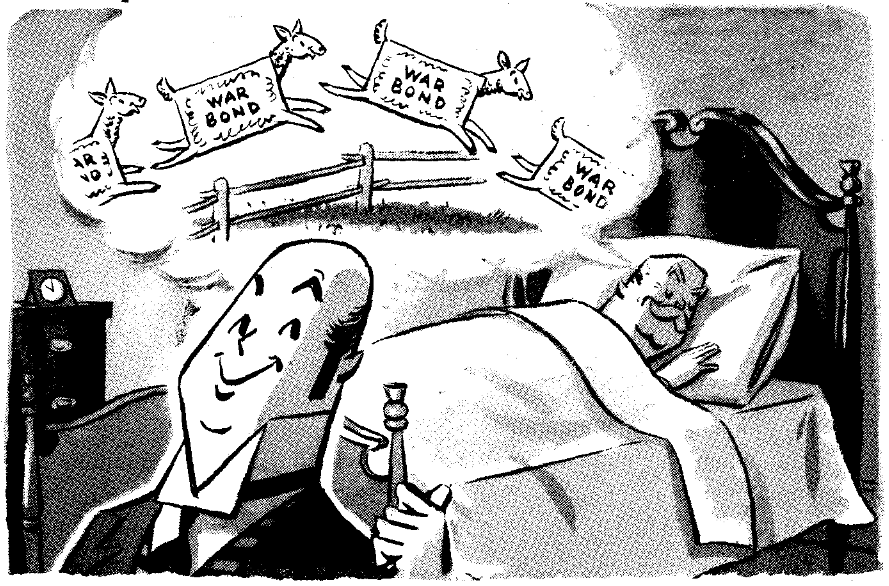

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MONTH OF AUGUST, '43

AS she did the last patch of linoleum, the bit in front of the door, Mrs. Harrison's rear end was out on the porch. She made a final semicircle with her scrub brush and sat back on her heels. "There, that's that," she said.

Mr. Harrison, wearing nothing but a pair of bathing trunks, was sitting in a canvas porch chair reading a paper and smoking his pipe. He pulled the pipe out of his mouth. "I should think on a hot afternoon, the last one we're going to be here this season, you'd find something better to do than scrub the whole cottage inside out," he said.

A breeze blew the damp soap smell of the floors toward Mrs. Harrison and she sniffed appreciatively. "You were the one lent them the cottage," she said. "The place's got to look decent, doesn't it?" She sensed a protest coming and hastened to add, "Now, George, I'm glad you did. I'm real glad you thought to do it."

"We won't be using the place, Grace. No use letting the month of August go to waste."

Mrs. Harrison pulled herself up, holding onto the leg of a rustic porch table. "I'm glad you did," she said again. "She looked so happy when you suggested it."

Mr. Harrison watched a curl of smoke from his pipe. "Gets them out of the city. Brooklyn Heights is no summer resort and don't let anyone tell you different."

"It was their friends," Grace Harrison reminded him. "She told us several times she couldn't bear the expression on their faces any more, everyone knowing. That was the worst, she said."

Mr. Harrison nodded. "Her eyes were wet when she said she'd come. 'Up at your lake,' she said, 'nobody'll know about it.' "

Mrs. Harrison tapped her lip. "I'm going to leave directions on top of the oil stove. You can't tell, maybe she never used one in her life."

"Maybe so." Mr. Harrison folded the paper neatly in its original creases and knocked out his pipe. "Now for our swim, Grace."

"Wait a minute and I'll get into my suit," Mrs. Harrison said, and went inside. We've owned Lake View Cottage so long that I don't really see the place any more, she thought, except the first day we come each year, and like now, when a stranger is about to see it. It was a nice little place, nicer, she still thought, than any of the others in the development, although it wasn't as close to the bathing beach as some. That was because the members hadn't bought that strip of lake front when the cottage was built. It wasn't until two years later that Russ Hanson had got them all together and they had voted to chip in for the first payment and so much a year. It had all been paid up eight years ago; now there was just two dollars' dues annually to keep up the dock and the three community rowboats and to pay for a load of fine white gravel every so often. Such a fuss Russ Hanson had made, though. Crescent Beach Lake Club had more rules and regulations than you could shake a stick at. Not that anybody paid much attention to the rules, except . . . She pulled at the shoulder strap of her black woollen bathing suit, pinning it firmly to the strap of her brassière. Except . . . Mrs. Harrison drew her breath in sharply. She stood there a moment, quite still, then frowned vigorously. "That will fix them," she said aloud.

THE Harrisons walked together down to the beach. When they arrived, they found twelve other people there—about the usual number except on holidays. Everyone greeted them and Mr. Harrison responded genially, but Mrs. Harrison felt suddenly as if all her neighbors were strangers. She just said, "Hi," and followed her husband to the water's edge. As usual, he jumped in before she did, but she outlasted him, swimming a tremendous circle in solemn breast stroke before she came out.

Mrs. Harrison waited until Fridell Strafford stopped giggling at something Herb Washley was telling her. Then she said to the group on the beach, "We're leaving tonight, you know, folks."

Mr. Harrison, shaking the sand out of his sneakers, added, "Yup, back to the old grind."

Mrs. Harrison said, "Yes, back early this year—the war, you know. Uh, folks, we loaned our cottage to some friends for August. We'd appreciate it if you showed them the ropes, kind of."

Everybody nodded.

"Tell them when the Dugan man comes and how to order from Pryer's and about the mail, huh?"

Mr. Harrison laughed. "Grace is scared Mrs. Levy won't know how to light the oil stove. Grace left directions, but if Mrs. Levy can't read the writing, which wouldn't surprise me, will one of you ladies show her so she won't burn the cottage down?"

There was a sudden silence, and before anyone else could break it, Mrs. Harrison went on, "I met her doing Red Cross work. She's a fine woman. She sold us tickets to a party they gave at their apartment for bombed-out children. She and her husband should get here on the nine-forty-five in the morning."

"*What* was the name?" Herb Washley asked. "Come again."

Mrs. Harrison told him. "Levy. L-e-v-y. We invited them because otherwise they wouldn't get away at all this summer. Mr. Levy's kind of peaked. You see," she added, with dreadful clarity, "their only boy was killed this May in Africa." Without another word she squeezed the last of the water from the skirt of her bathing suit and started toward the cottage. Mr. Harrison followed her, his face very red.

"Grace," he said when they couldn't be heard by the people on the beach, "listen here, Grace! Mrs. Levy told you they didn't want anyone to know about the boy. That's why they were anxious to come here, because no one would know."

She turned on him, almost pushing him off the narrow path. "You'd like them to have a swim in the lake if they should happen to want one, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Harrison didn't get a chance to answer because Russ Hanson hailed him. Mrs. Harrison plodded up to the house by herself.

Russ wanted to know where the lawn mower would be after they left. Borrowing it wasn't a wartime emergency; Russ hadn't ever owned a lawn mower. Mr. Harrison took him to the cellar to show him and then Russ asked where the house key would be. Mr. Harrison said he didn't have to worry about that because the cottage would be open for the month of August, some friends of theirs were arriving in the morning. "A Mr. and Mrs. Levy."

Russ choked.

Mr. Harrison said, "Yup, we wanted them to have a vacation." His voice became ringing, much louder. "Their only boy, Sidney, was killed in Africa a couple of months ago."

A little later he came through the front door, wet sneakers and all. Mrs. Harrison couldn't remember when she and her husband had stood around like that, not being able to look each other in the eye.

—MERRIAM MODELL

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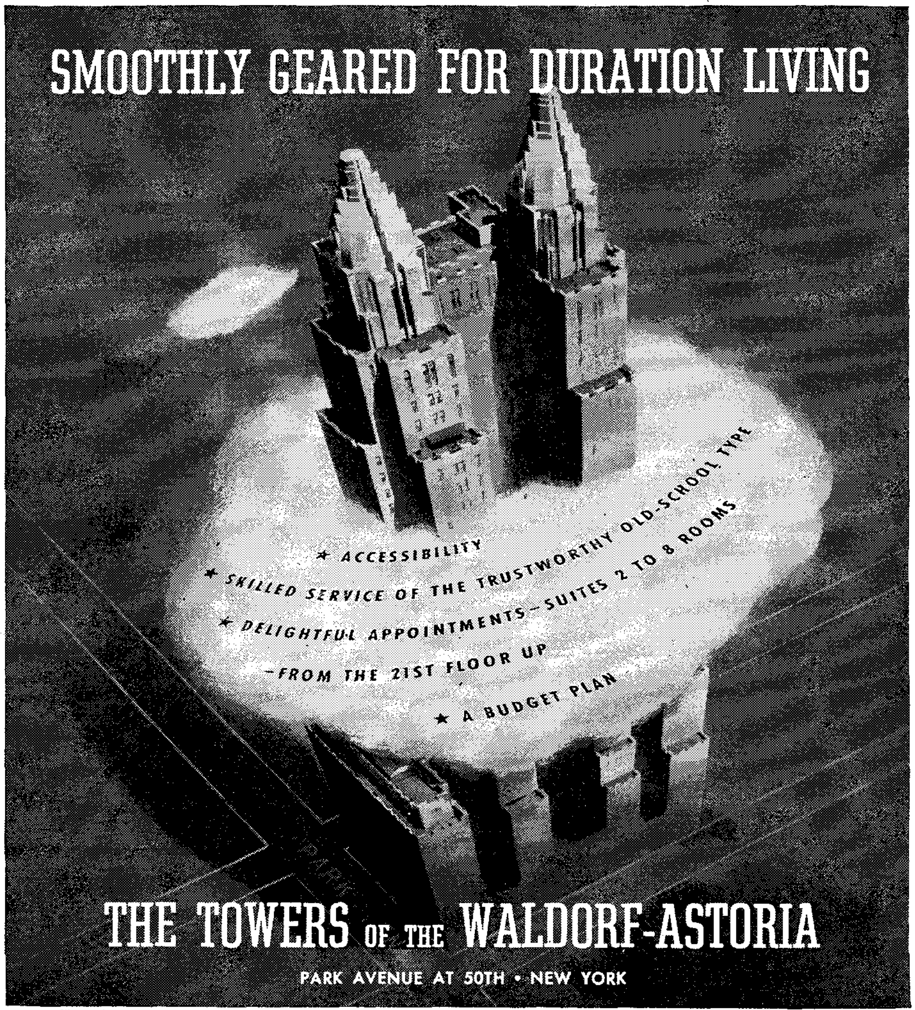
DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

BURNS DETECTIVE AGENCY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
JULY 6, 1943

THE EDITORS, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I WOULD like to call your attention to the inaccuracies contained in your first article on Raymond Schindler in your Profiles department in the July 3rd issue. What I am particularly concerned about is the statement on page 29, which reads as follows: "In 1928 Burns was roughly educated to the change in the times when he was sent to jail for assigning men to shadow the jurors in the Teapot Dome trial of Harry F. Sinclair." This statement is untrue. The facts are that Mr. William J. Burns was cited for contempt in connection with that case, together with myself and a number of others. The evidence at the trial disclosed that he had no knowledge whatever of the case, he having retired from the Agency several years before that. When the publicity broke on this matter, he, however, became intensely interested, went before the Grand Jury, informed them he knew nothing of the matter, and subsequently filed with the court an affidavit, furnished by a Burns operative, concerning the activities of one of the jurors. The affidavit proved to be false, and the presiding judge, although not finding Mr. Burns guilty of contempt in the shadowing case, took the position that Burns filed the false affidavit knowingly and convicted him on that charge. The matter was carried to the higher court, and the Supreme Court threw out this charge and exonerated Mr. Burns. He did not serve any time whatever, and in view of the fact that the Supreme Court exonerated him, your statement that he was sent to jail is inaccurate. I know that your publication would not knowingly print anything but the facts.

Yours very truly,
W. SHERMAN BURNS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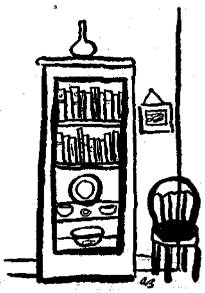
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

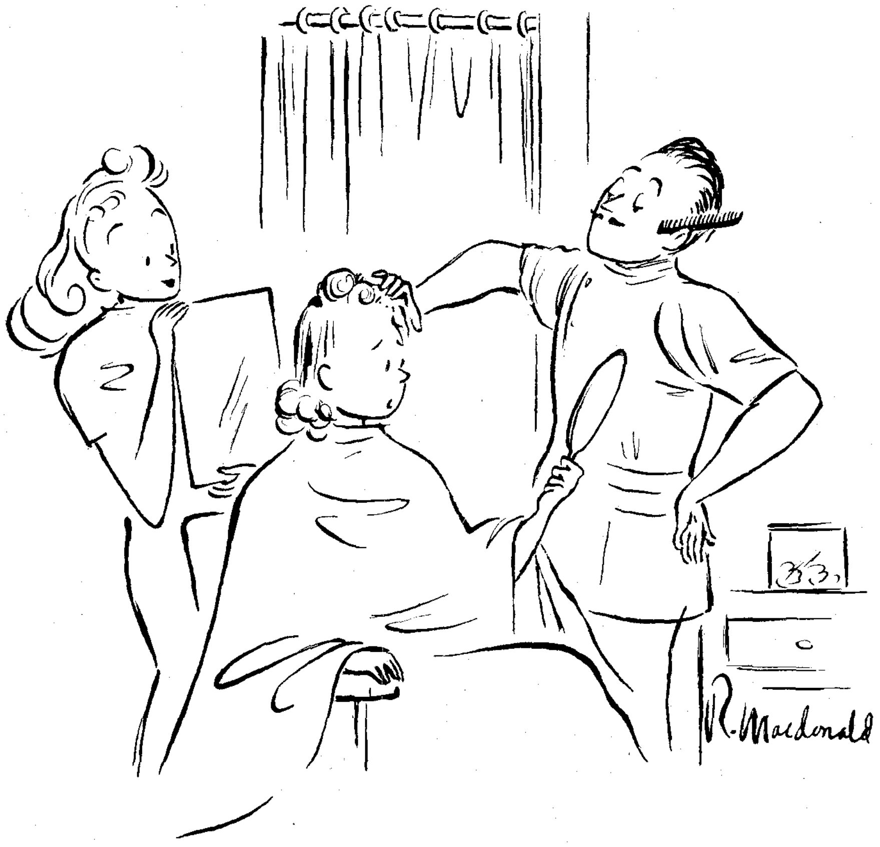
ABOUT THE HOUSE



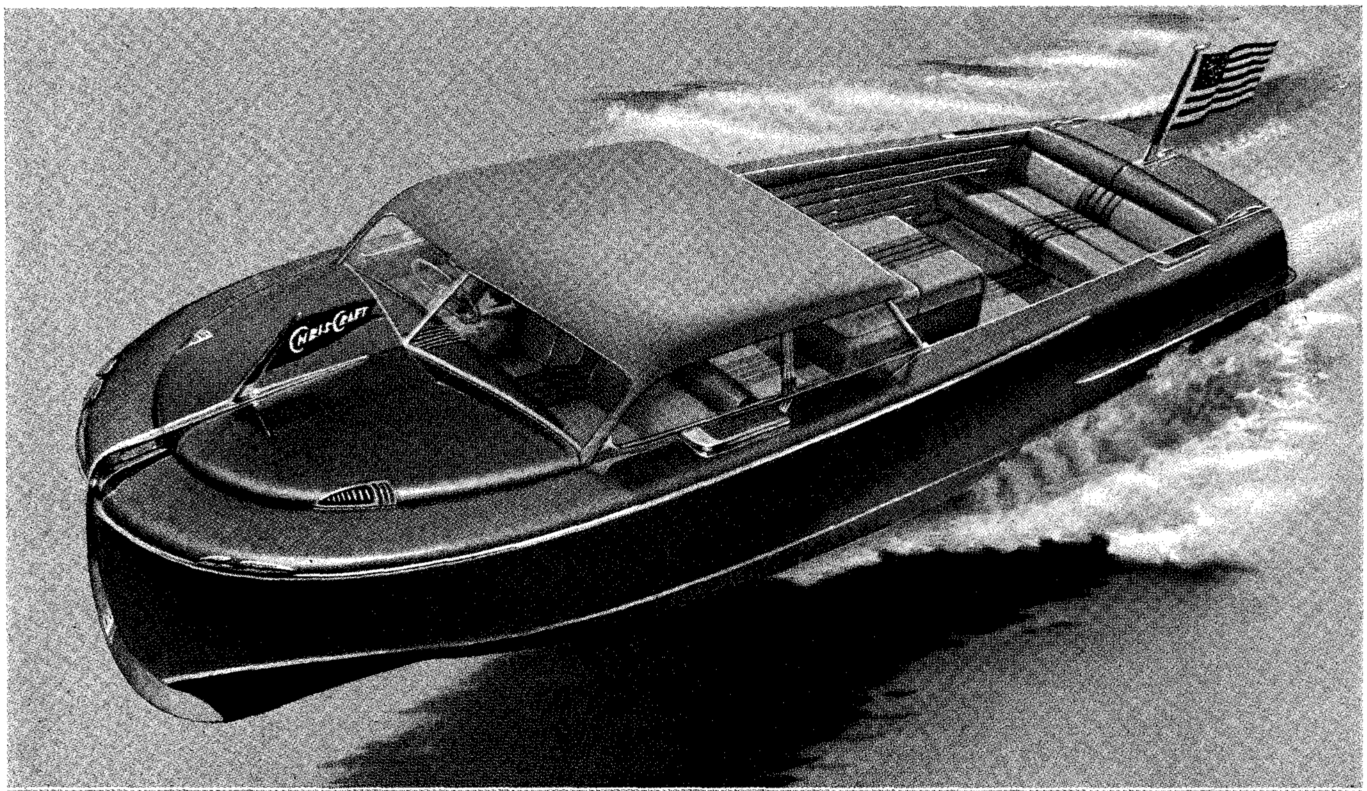
SNAPPING its fingers at tradition, Bergdorf Goodman has perversely chosen this time-honored season of decorating doldrums as the very one in which to broaden the scope of its Gift Shop to include antique and reproduction furniture. The shop is now offering, along with its customary knickknacks, a small, select assortment of chairs and tables of the extra, or occasional, type—things you'd pick as finishing touches for a room already furnished instead of as the starting point of a decorative scheme. The prize items in the group are some old library ladder chairs. These, which are not to be confused with the familiar American ladderbacks, are dignified Regency pieces, supremely comfortable to sit in, with polished mahogany framework surrounding caned backs and seats, and a trick of unfolding (surprisingly, since you'd never guess they could) into a flight of library steps. They're in the neighborhood of $160. There are old mahogany coach tables, designed to hold the vast picnic hampers carried along on nineteenth-century coaching parties—the fold-up-flat sort with criss-cross legs upholding plenty of rectangular table surface; $55 apiece, and so steady on their pins when opened out that you wouldn't hesitate to give one a permanent chairside place with a reading lamp on top. Needless to say, they're perfect, too, for solo fireside meals or as tea and serving tables. A Pembroke table, which also has a trick up its sleeve, is a reproduction item, made, however, of old wood. The customary side drop leaves flank a tooled-leather centre section marked for chess on top; slide it out and you find a surface marked for backgammon beneath; $140 in mahogany, $200 in blond mahogany. Then there are some one-of-a-kind antique tea trays of decorated tôle or papier-mâché, which become tables when mounted upon the shop's tailored-to-measure stands, some of which are tables in themselves and handy to have around even when the tray is in use elsewhere.

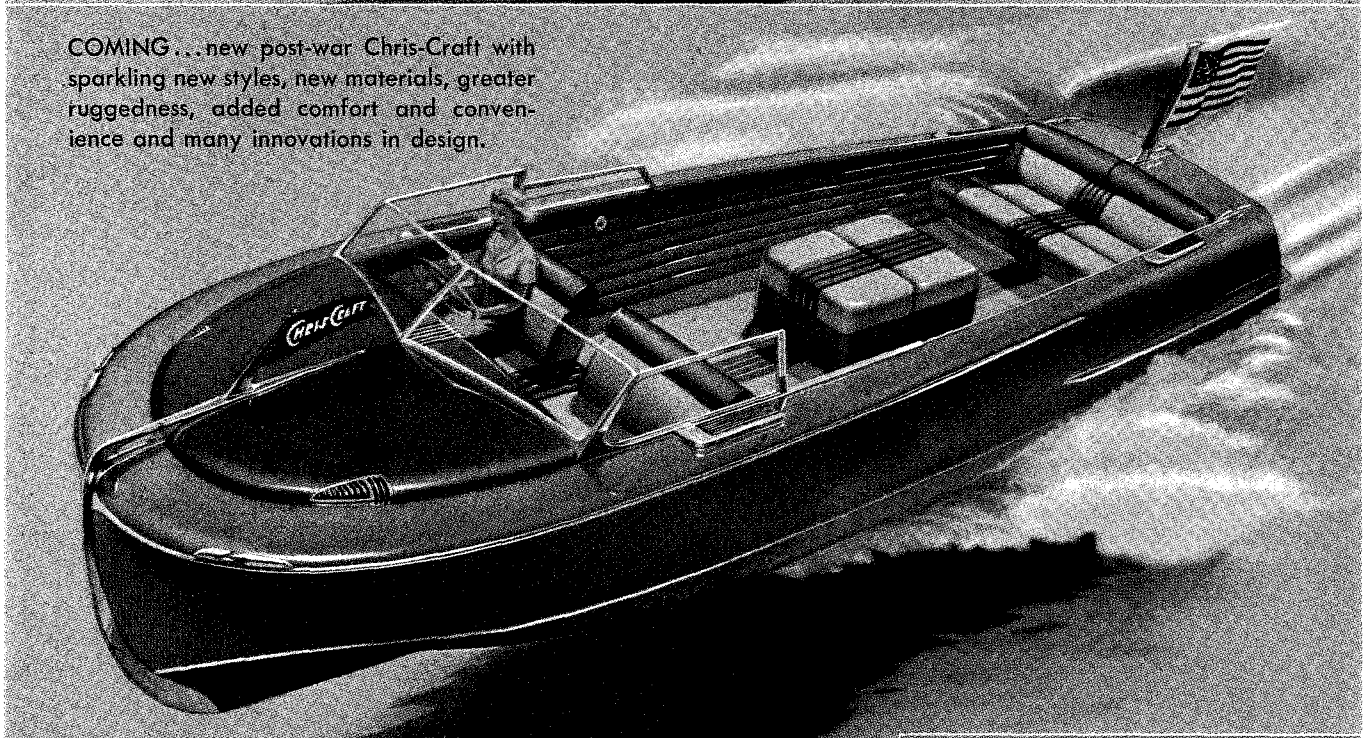
Meanwhile, the Gift Shop is manfully maintaining a supply of knickknacks, reduced in variety and quantity though it may be. Among the collection is one of the best inexpensive hurricane table lights I have seen anywhere—a glass candlestick affair of spiral Baccarat modelling, made to hold a fat altar candle inside a cup, which catches the drippings and also acts as a chimney; $5 a pair. The candles for this, which burn with a steady, gentle light for hours and hours, are $1 a dozen. Custom item: The shop's own designs in frames for servicemen's portraits—easel and portfolio types, covered with the right navy-blue or olive-drab cloth and hand-embroidered with the appropriate insignia in gold or silver bullion threads; $15 for the easel variety and $21 for the portfolio.

ODDS AND ENDS: Dehydrators that utilize the heat of your kitchen stove are replacing the light-bulb-heated ones, which were the first to reach town. The Adirondack Log Cabin Company, 142 East 45th Street, and Lewis & Conger both have an oven model at $5.95. Gimbel has one that operates on the top of any stove—gas, oil, electric, or coal. It's $7.95. Makers of oven dehydrators boast that their food-driers use the oven's insulation to insure a steady, even heat. In turn, sponsors of the top-of-the-stove type say that its lack of insulation is an advantage, since heat can't accumulate in it to crisp, instead of just drying, your hard-won Victory-garden produce. By the end of summer we ought to know the answer. . . . Electric Appliance Rental & Sales, at 324 West 42nd Street, will rent you an electric fan for anything from the whole summer down to just a single night, the latter to accommodate, say, a party or an overheated house guest. There's no telling what kind of fan will be available when you apply (they come and they go, and there aren't too many anyway), but as a rule the assortment includes ventilating and exhaust fans, the pedestal ones you see in restaurants, and standard table models in several sizes. To give you an idea of the rental fees, a sixteen-inch oscillating fan, if you pick it up and return it yourself, is $5 for a weekend or $10 for a month; delivered fans run a bit higher. . . . A roller cart with a built-in electric cooking unit, at the Paul Bry Shop, 204 East 57th Street, is just the thing for backyard barbecue cooks who insist upon performing before an admiring audience. The cart, which



"Don't you think it makes me look too much like—er—the way I look?"





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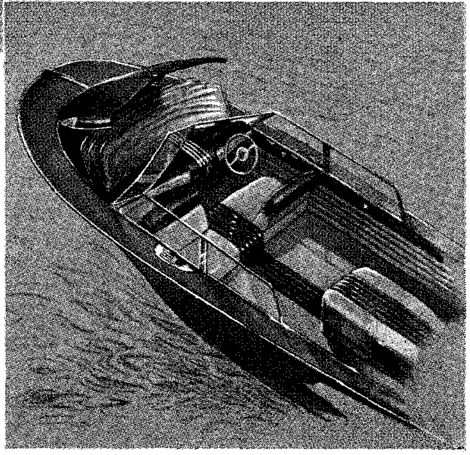

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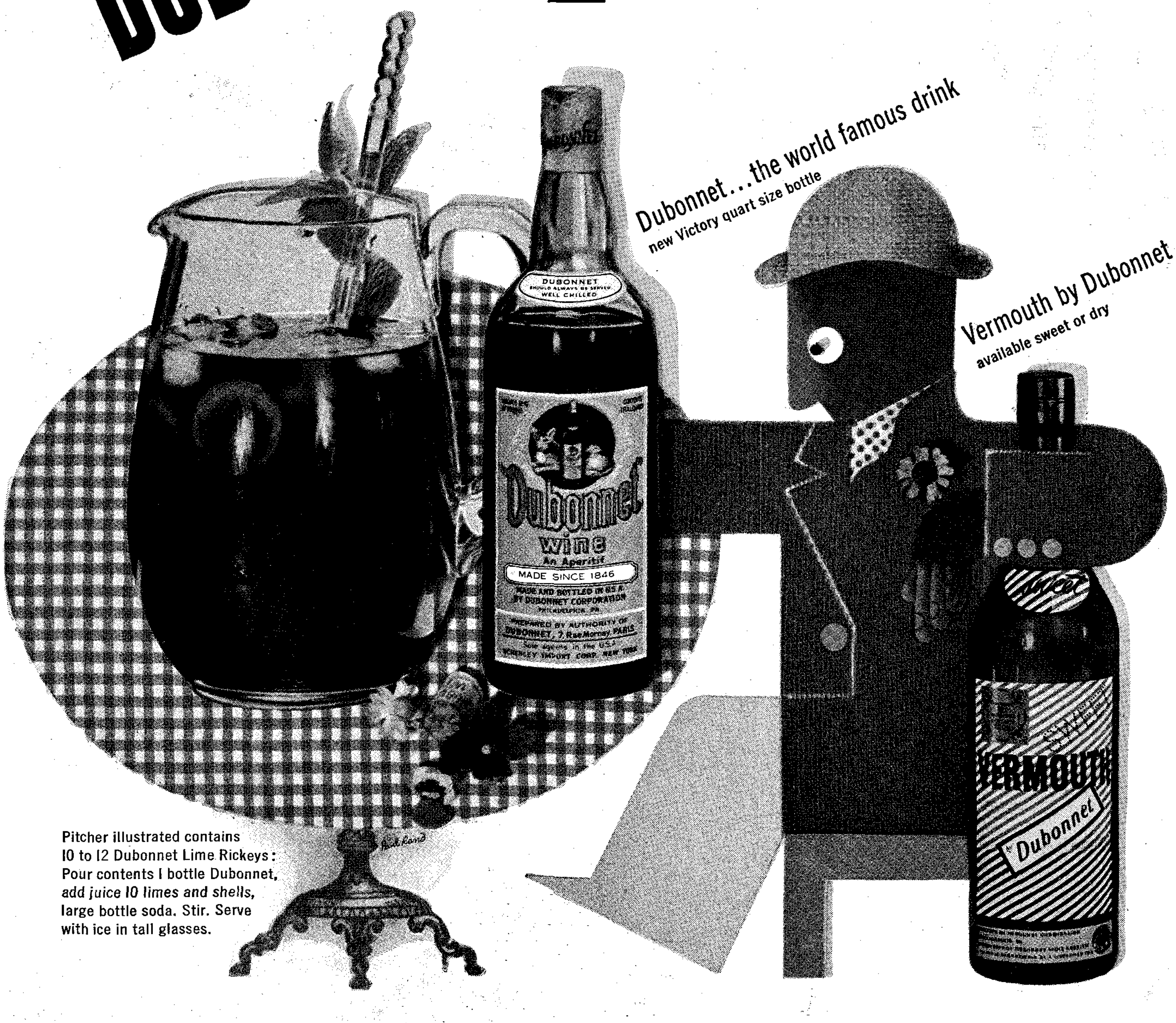
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costs $175, is a beautiful object made of polished wood; it has an upper shelf and a lower one, both inlaid with decorative tiles, and it has a drawer, a slide, and racks tucked in here and there to hold pots, tools, and jars of spices and seasonings. The two-disc cooking unit, an array of cooking tools, and a set of ten spice jars are standard equipment, and the shop's Mr. Kim will tell you how, with the aid of the cart, you too can astonish your friends with perfect little suppers of crabmeat Newburg, chicken livers and mushrooms, omelette aux fines herbes, and other gourmets' and ration-stamp hoarders' delights. And don't think you can't, either. . . . The fanciest mosquito repellent to appear to date is a giant citronella-flavored candle sunk in a tall, flower-painted glass tumbler. It's seventy-five cents or $1.25, and you'll find it at Antonino Ajello, 100 East 50th Street. The bigger one will burn for a hundred and sixty hours straight if you let it, heaven forbid, giving out with citronella fragrance every minute of the time. . . . A smaller, simpler version of this scented candle, also in a glass holder, may be bought by mail from Breck, the seedsman, at 85 State Street, in Boston; $1 a pair and fifteen cents for postage. . . . Hammacher Schlemmer's remedy for the insect menace from the Jersey swamps is a light bulb coated inside with some sort of salt which emits insect-repellent rays when the current is on. What do you expect me to do—draw you a diagram? This is available in standard sizes, from twenty-five watts (twenty cents) to two hundred (sixty cents). The story I got is that one bulb, screwed into your reading lamp, allows you to bask unmolested within its charmed circle of yellow-tinted light while winged things, disgusted, hover just out of range, not daring to advance. Now, presumably, all you have to do is learn to sleep with the light on. . . . Also at Hammacher Schlemmer, a new plastic wonder, a garden hose as flexible, and let's hope at least as durable, as any ever made of rubber; fifty feet for (here it comes!) $13.50. You'll think the clerk has made a mistake and is showing you a rare rubber relic, for it even looks like rubber, but don't worry, it's non-priority plastic throughout, couplings and all. A tag warns you that the hose will grow rigid in cold weather, but apparently that's nothing to worry about, either, for flexibility is guaranteed to return with the robins of spring. . . . There are lesser plastic developments at the same shop—a grater (thirty cents) that is a pleasure, especially for grating raw potatoes for potato pancakes; and a combination fruit, bread, and cake knife that will really slice a ripe tomato bloodlessly or a fresh loaf of bread without losing a crumb. A weekend hostess who wouldn't think this knife the best present of her career, even though it costs only fifty cents, is simply not a practising housekeeper. . . . If the lady complains of dampness in a cellar or closet, you might take (also from H. S.) a carton of Keep-Dri, a chemical that drinks moisture out of the air, thwarting mildew, rust, and other damp-induced evils. A large carton, for drying a cellar, a nice little nine-pound item for your weekend bag, is $1.69 and should last about eight weeks; closet-size cartons are four for $1.75. Remove the top of a carton, punch a few holes in the bottom, set the thing in a big pan, and it's ready to go to work. —B. B.

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THE CAUTIOUS ACCOUNTANT

[*From the record of testimony in the Smith Congressional Committee's investigation of the OPA*]

MR. ALLEN: Mr. Wilson, how long have you been an accountant?

MR. WILSON: You first have to define what an accountant is.

MR. ALLEN: Have you taken a degree of Certified Public Accountant in any state of the Union?

MR. WILSON: No, sir, I have not.

MR. ALLEN: How long have you been—don't you know what an accountant is?

MR. WILSON: There is great controversy on that subject, sir.

MR. ALLEN: What do you consider yourself?

MR. WILSON: In other words, you leave at one end and call it a bookkeeper and at the other end you can call it a consultant, and an accountant is somewhere in between.

MR. ALLEN: Are you now an accountant?

MR. WILSON: Yes, sir, I am drawing pay as one.

MR. ALLEN: How long would you say you had been within the classification where you are entitled to draw pay as an accountant?

MR. WILSON: Well, I took bookkeeping in high school, graduated at Princeton University in 1915; I was head of the

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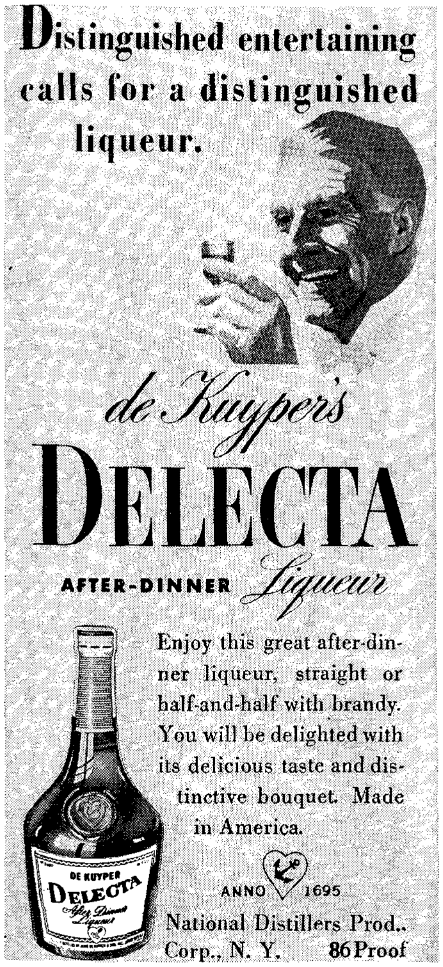

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THE NEW YORKER

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debit department of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York; I studied law at Columbia Law School; I was Secretary of the Kershaw Cotton Mill; I was assistant treasurer of the largest cotton mill group in the South; and then would have been connected with cotton mills and textiles all my life, and during that period I performed duties of—I have done everything around a mill from sweeping out the office to keeping the books, running the mill, so I claim I am an accountant.

MR. ALLEN: Mr. Wilson, with this varied experience you had behind you, will you give the committee an expression of your opinion as to the character of the data upon which Maximum Price Regulation 339 was based?

MR. WILSON: If you will let me answer that question in a round-about way, I am totally ignorant of rayon hosiery. All I know about it is that it is a common article of apparel that mostly women wear. We did this small check. There are a multitude of price regulations written in our section. With our twenty-one accountants, we don't claim to be experts on them, and frankly, I am not competent to express a reasoned opinion on this price schedule.

MR. ALLEN: Well, now, you have an opinion on it, Mr. Wilson.

MR. WILSON: I have a personal opinion, yes, sir.

MR. ALLEN: Tell us what that is. It is a personal opinion based upon your knowledge of this data, isn't it?

MR. WILSON: My personal opinion—this is not as an accountant—is that the method used on the rayon hosiery schedule—I think that the procedure is the best technic we have ever used.

MR. ALLEN: The best technic you have ever used?

MR. WILSON: That is my observation, yes, sir.

MR. ALLEN: Do you recall telling me over in the Office of Price Administration when I was there that this was what you called the least lousy method?

MR. WILSON: Yes, sir.

MR. ALLEN: Tell us what you mean by the least lousy method of accounting in the Office of Price Administration.

MR. WILSON: Well, that is a relative term, based on the art of understatement, I think. After all, we are only run-of-the-mine men doing a job that is over our head and we are doing the best we can, and I don't think any reasonable person in the OPA claims they are competent to do any one thing that we do.

MR. ALLEN: I see. So you do the least lousy you can.

MR. WILSON: I do. What we do in the Accounting Division is to put the least ignorant man on that job.

•

A GARDENER'S OBSERVATION ON THE TRULY TERRIBLE RESULTS OF THE ORIGINAL SIN

There wasn't a weed in
The garden of Eden.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

THE CURRENT CINEMA

One Country's Meat

THERE'S another British picture out that's concerned with a German agent loose in London and it has a number of the touches that are likely to distinguish even a minor British thriller. It's called "Squadron Leader X," a title which would ordinarily keep you moving right on past any marquee you found it on, but the picture is at least a peg better than it sounds. As in "Next of Kin," the last one in which the English also put a hypothetical German down on their own soil and then chased him, the enemy in this one is portrayed (by Eric Portman) as a fellow who, though something of a coward, is no fool and is able to put Scotland Yard on its mettle. Lots of American films would represent him as an oaf who's just barely worth apprehending, but the British have made him formidable enough to show, by implication, that the men who eventually catch up with him are no slouches either. In this instance, perhaps, the British lean a little backward, since the actual destruction of the German comes about through an irony of fate—a case of mistaken identity, as it happens—but on the other hand he is driven into the *circumstance* of his destruction, if you see what I mean, by the fellows who are after him, so they can claim a good part of the credit.

Mr. Portman puts about the right degree of restrained menace into his part, and Ann Dvorak is competent enough as an English girl who will submit to blackmail for just so long. There is a conscientiousness in the minor rôles, too, in both writing and acting, that is typical of these British pursuit pictures, or at least the ones that get over here.

THE slapdash approach which is common to lots of our domestic products runs riot in "Bomber's Moon," a flimsy affair having for its well-worn theme the escape of American fliers from occupied Europe. This time it's George Montgomery who worms his way through the underground, and in a highly improbable fashion he does it, too. His route is dotted with Germans who are plumb silly. A major, for example, catches him at one point, sits him down in his office, and leers at him. Montgomery simply spills some coffee on the major and makes for the exit while the fellow stands there indignantly wiping his sleeve. A Russian lady medical officer, played by Annabella, accompanies the flier in his escape, just to give the picture a real United Nations twist. The two of them indulge in an inevitable romance, thereby cementing international relations, but you don't have much faith at the end of the picture that their prospective union will be a blessing for either one of them, since neither has what you would call a many-faceted personality.

A CLOSE follower of the "Falcon" series, which I am not, will know best how "The Falcon in Danger" compares with its forerunners. By itself it appears to be about on a par with other screen detective fiction. Incidentally, the part of the Falcon, which used to be played by George Sanders, has been handed down to his younger brother, whose name, deceptively enough, is Tom Conway. Mr. Conway's first problem centres around a passenger plane which comes into an airport with nobody aboard, obviously an indication of foul play. The Falcon dopes out the answer to the satisfaction, at least, of everybody else in the picture, although perhaps not of aeronautical experts in the audience. The title seems to imply that the Falcon has never been in danger before, but it sounds unlikely.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Strange Woman," by Ben Ames Williams*]

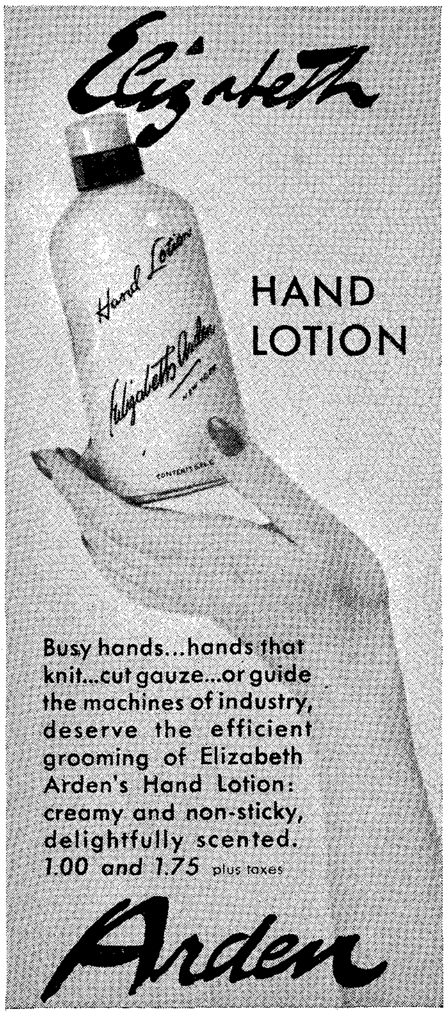
... and on each cheekbone there was a delicate line like an elongated and extremely faint dimple, which appeared when she smiled and made her seem about to burst into tears. *—Page 11.*

Her face twisted and those faint lines on her cheekbone made her seem about to burst into tears. *—Page 70.*

Those delicate lines like dimples, just below the cheekbones, visible only when she smiled, gave her expression a peculiar poignancy, suggesting always the imminence of tears. *—Page 83.*

... and the way when she smiled those faint indentations on her cheekbones made her seem on the point of tears.... *—Page 158.*

... half smiling so that those small indentations showed in her cheeks as though she were about to cry. *—Page 221.*



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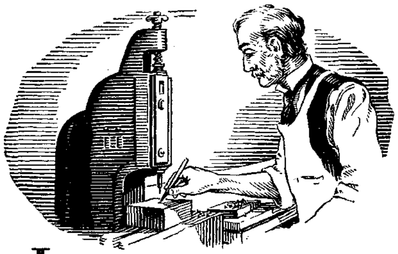

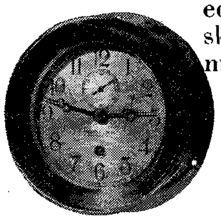

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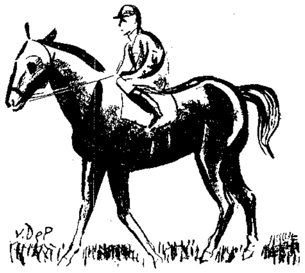
THE RACE TRACK

Looking Backward and Forward

THE Empire City Racing Association really did all right for itself out at Jamaica. During the twenty-four-day meeting, which ended last Saturday, 472,284 visitors bet a total of $35,299,645, a world record for pari-mutuel. The handle in the tote during this session almost equalled that for both Empire City meetings in 1942. Whatever the explanation of this financial phenomenon was, it certainly wasn't the calibre of the racing, particularly during the last week.



Briefly, form at Jamaica the final six days was awful. For some dismal reason (it could have been the weather, I suppose), only a dozen favorites won, a daily average of two. A lot of people who decided to follow jockeys instead of horses did rather well, however. Take those, for instance, who bet on the mounts of Atkinson, a young man who has come along remarkably this season. He rode three winners on one afternoon and two each on two other occasions. Longden had five winners during the week. You'd be amazed to know how many lucky horseplayers bet on Westwood Belle, who won at $185.90, just because Longden rode her. The best reason I heard, though, came from a young soldier; he put two dollars on her because he had a date in Westwood, New Jersey, that evening.

There's no question that Apache is at his best this time of year. Remember how he polished off his opposition in the Empire City and the Yonkers Handicaps last season? He won the Yonkers again on Saturday, carrying a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and never gave his backers an anxious moment. Boy Knight, a strapping dark bay colt by Sir Gallahad III out of Heloise, turned in a fine performance in the Wakefield Stakes. Crispin Oglebay, who paid $9,000 for him at the yearling sales last August, apparently made a good buy. However, always a conservative about two-year-olds, I don't want to make any predictions until I see how he does later on. The United States Hotel Stakes, the Grand Union, and the Hopeful ought to prove something or other.

ALTHOUGH old horseplayers will miss Saratoga, they shouldn't mind having the meet at a pleasant place like Belmont Park, particularly since the schedule looks so very interesting. The United States Hotel Stakes, which will bring out some of the better two-year-olds, and the Wilson, which I expect will be won by Apache, are booked for this Saturday. Then, on Tuesday, there's the Saratoga Sales Stakes, for two-year-olds who were sold at the Spa last year. (Since this year's sales will be held at Lexington next month, some busybody will probably suggest renaming it the Saratoga-at-Lexington Sales Stakes.) The Alabama, the meeting's big race for three-year-old fillies, will be run on Wednesday; the Saratoga Special, which is my favorite race for two-year-olds, and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap come next Saturday. The Whitney will be run on August 10th, the Sanford on August 13th, and the Spinaway and Travers on August 14th, which is far enough ahead to look right now.

You won't see the convalescent Count Fleet for a while unless you go out to Belmont early in the morning during work hours. As for the other three-year-olds, apparently Slide Rule was the best one in the Classic Stakes in Chicago last Saturday. Chop Chop, who had won the Empire City Handicap so easily, turned out to be no more than a sprinter and Occupation might just as well have stood in bed.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Number is what is characteristic of numbers, as man is what is characteristic of men. A plurality is not an instance of number, but of some particular number. A trio of men, for example, is an instance of the number 3 and the number 3 is an instance of number; but the trio is not an instance of number. This point may seem elementary and scarcely worth mentioning.—*"Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell."*

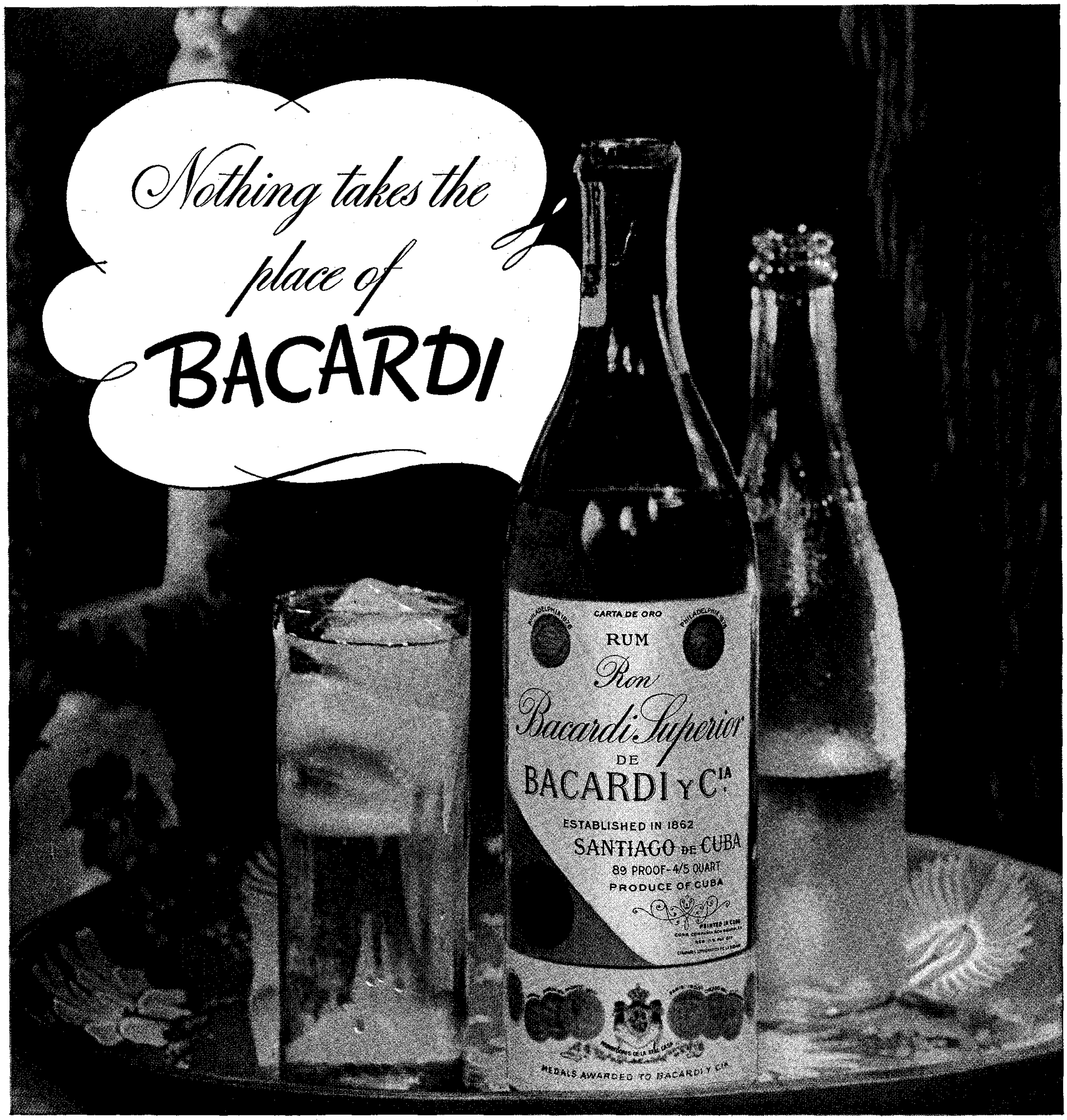
Not at all. Glad you brought it up.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Herbert L. Matthews, in a wireless dispatch from Allied Headquarters, North Africa, in the Times, July 25, 1943:

Until the last trumpet sounds from an Allied bugle, Mussolini will have the upper hand in Italy. We must always remember that.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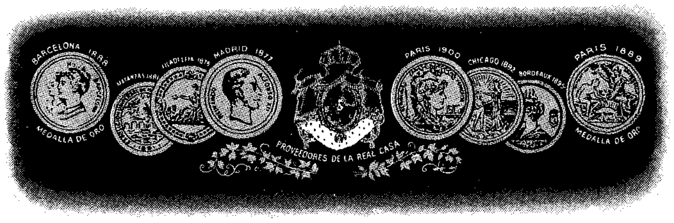
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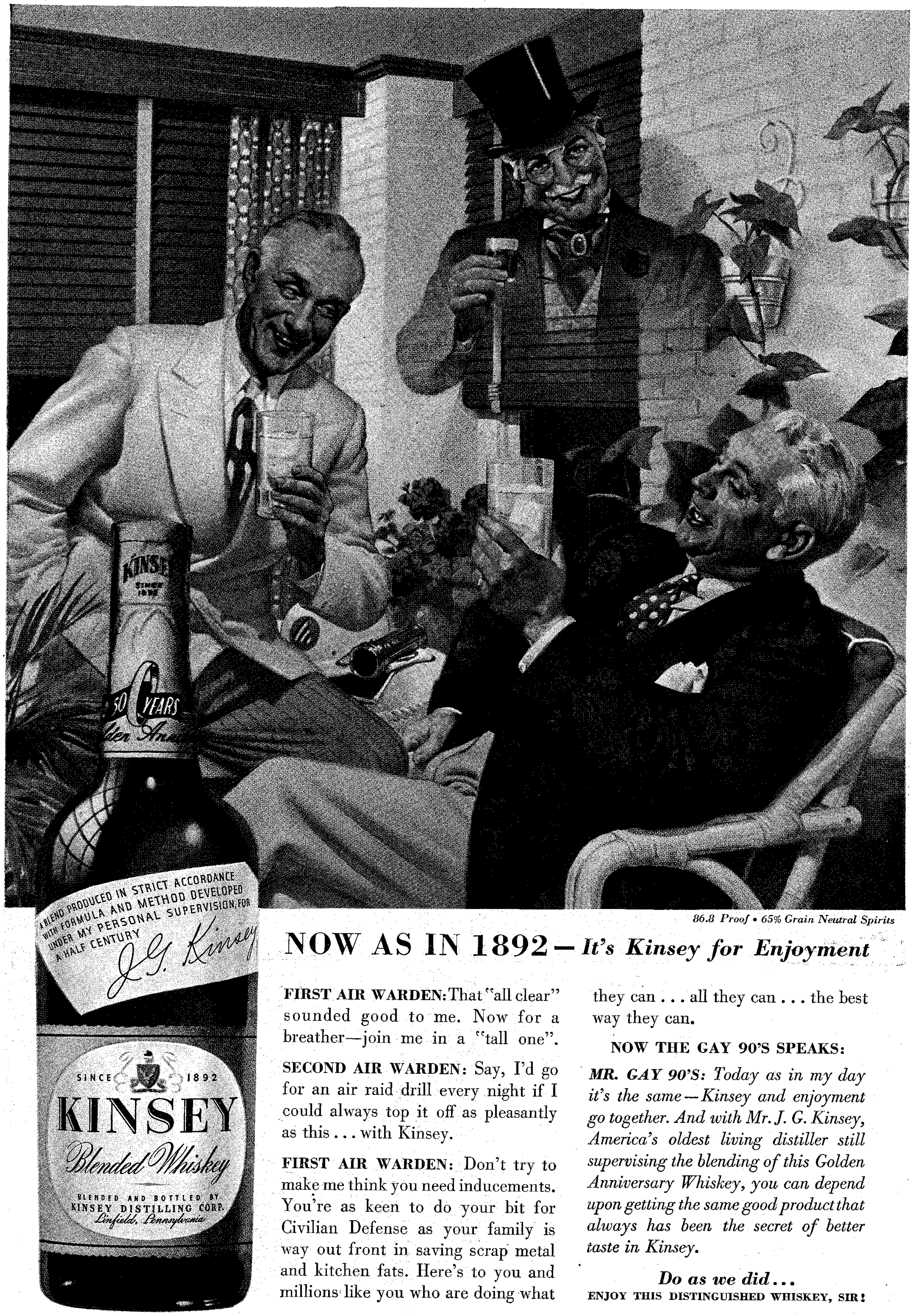
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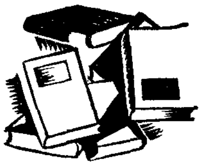
BOOKS

The Germans and the Russians



THOSE groans you have been hearing the past few days were no doubt the lamentations of book reviewers trying to cut a path, with machetes, through the first sixty pages of a vast and rugged new novel, "The Conspiracy of the Carpenters," by Hermann Borchardt, which has been translated from the German by Barrows Mussey. The author, a refugee German teacher of philosophy who survived three of Hitler's concentration camps, has been living in this country since 1937. His book comes to us with an introduction by Franz Werfel, who describes it as "not only a great novel but also an important political work."

It is, at any rate, a strange and formidable book, the complex story of a somewhat imaginary nation very like Germany in the period before and in some respects after the first World War. Out of the welter of factions in the country, two strong parties emerge—the Christian conservatives, called the Faustites, headed by the president of the republic, old Adam Faust, and the Urbanites, under the leadership of Dr. Urban, who resembles Hitler. These parties come to blows in a climactic civil war and the Urbanites are crushed.

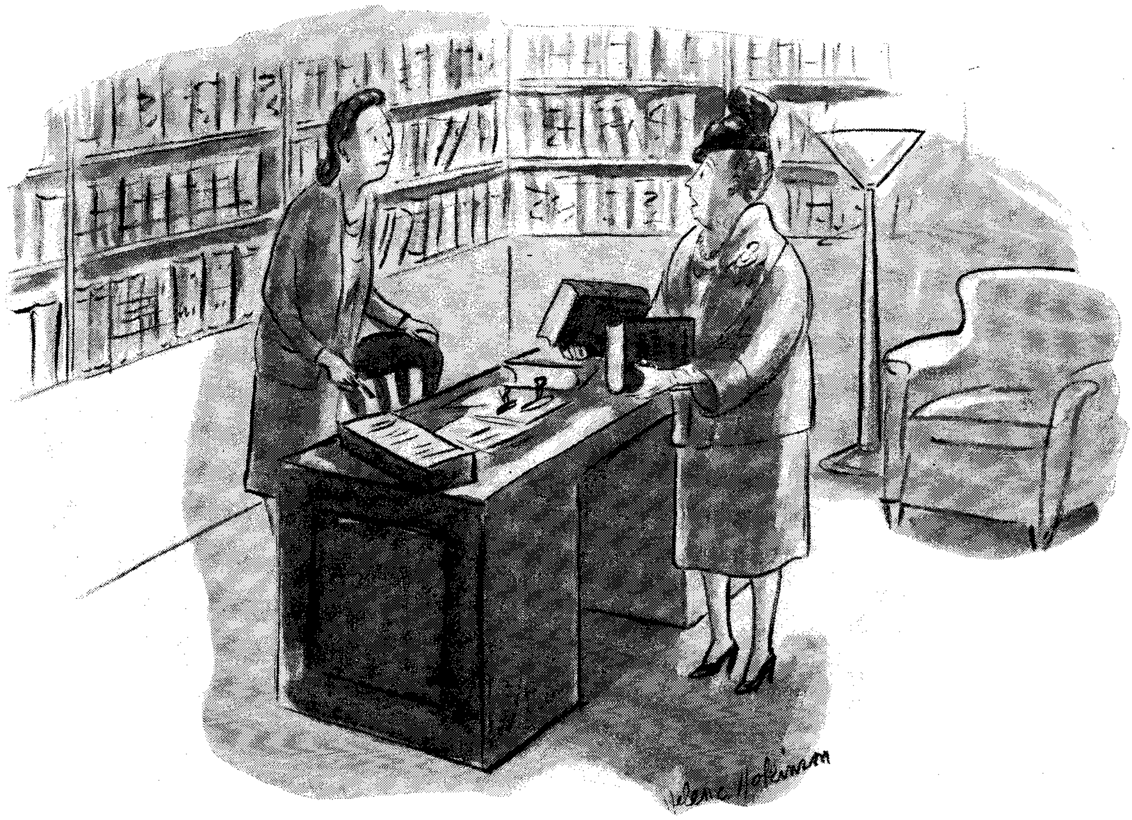
"The Conspiracy of the Carpenters" operates more or less simultaneously on several strata of meaning. In the course of the first sixty pages the author plants one lead after another in bewildering array; the rest of the book is a roughly but firmly constructed narrative of exceptional complexity and power. However, the author's simple, folk treatment manages to accommodate a number of involved modern ideas very nicely and is intended, I suppose, to help suggest the medieval-Christian-peasant strain in the German tradition. If you like lots of characters, you'll find what you're after. The index has a list of more than a hundred and forty of the prominent ones, each neatly epitomized. Most of these, in the book itself, are vigorously and some even brilliantly drawn.

In its various aspects, the novel seems to be a broad-scale satiric description of German society, or something very like it, during the period of Urban's, or Hitler's, rise; an elaborate apologia for a conservative system of government founded on the medieval guild community, with a president-for-life ruling as "an elective republican king" who derives his authority from God; and a guide to what-might-have-been if the conservatives had been wise and ruthless enough to knock Urban-Hitler down. It also seems to be a boldly handled attack on the natural scientists, post-Euclidean mathematicians, "false" artists and intellectuals, democratic liberals, and Marxists, an attack from which the big howitzers are withheld for an assault (quite literally, in the civil-war chapters) on the Fascists; and a philosophic argument in defense of wealth, the authority of God in civil affairs, and the mystico-religious principle of Christian brotherhood as embodied in the part-historical, part-imaginary League of Carpenters in the story.

By now this begins to sound like a fine hodgepodge. Actually, though, the book's shuffled ideas derive a sort of coherence from the author's own psychology and the psychology of the country and people he is writing about. But in spite of many shrewd perceptions, we get once more, in Borchardt's whole field of reference, the sense of that bottomless naïveté in German thought, eternally unable to escape from the paranoiac circle of mysticism-plus-romanticism-plus-Machiavellism-plus-idealism-plus-authority-by-force. Thus, Borchardt is perfectly well aware that when his Faustites defeat the Urbanites, they are squelching an anti-human authority by means of a relatively benevolent, Mother-knows-best counter-authority. But what he abhors is the abuse of arbitrary authority, not the authoritarian principle itself.

I can imagine what Mr. Jefferson would have thought of the book, but you'd better read it and decide for yourself. In any case, I think you'll find it a more lifelike piece of fiction than Briffault's "Europa" or Ferrero's "Seven Vices" or the other "philosopher's novels" on the old-fashioned grand scale.

LARRY LESUEUR, a C.B.S. radio correspondent posted to Moscow, got to Russia via Archangel in October,



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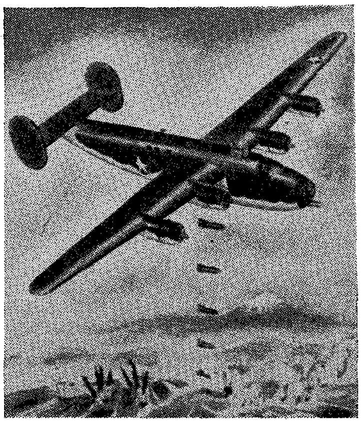

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1941, and departed from it in October, 1942, carrying with him the material for what may well be the best book we've had so far about the people of the Soviet Union in the war. Cast, like William Shirer's account of Hitlerite Germany, in diary form, it is called "Twelve Months That Changed the World."

I can't quite tell you why Lesueur's book seems to me so much better than the others of the sort. True, he was there behind the lines when the Russians shunted the Germans away from Moscow and he remained until the Germans broke once again on the rock of Stalingrad, but he saw very little more of the actual fighting than the other correspondents, which wasn't much.

For one thing, Lesueur isn't a personality boy and he doesn't get amateurishly grandiloquent about the larger issues. More, his book is better written than most of the others and a lot more readable. The real point, though, I think, is that, like the English correspondent James Lansdale Hodson, he is a true diarist (I'm overlooking certain indications that he has rewritten the original text a bit). He escapes, here at least, from the newspaperman's hierarchy of factual values, and is content to give us a copious, faithful documentation of the thousands of small human items and impressions of a situation that somehow help to evoke the enormous whole. —VINCENT MCHUGH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DWELLING PLACE, by Anne Goodwin Winslow. Informal reminiscences, as charming as they are unpretentious, by a most civil lady of the deep South. Mrs. Winslow strings together in fictional form the stories of her servants, her romantic Aunt Pauline, her Northern guests, and her cousin Roberta, who saw ghosts, with a humorous inconsequence that is very engaging. In her shrewd common sense and in the love and irony with which she paints her friends, white and black, there is a suggestion of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER, by Albert E. Idell. Just when it looked as if escape literature, about which we used to hear so much, had gone out of fashion, here comes the genuine article. If anybody *wants* to escape, which seems doubtful, this story of the doings of a lively Philadelphia family the year of the great Centennial Exposition is his dish. Life, says

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Mr. Idell, was very simple in the Philadelphia of 1876 and one could enjoy snapper stew and complain about the Grant Administration in peace and comfort. Plenty of decorative local color, but the author doesn't do as well with it as he might have.

PRIVATE REPORT, by Katharine Roberts. A serious, informative novel about the underground movement in Belgium. Espionage and sabotage, according to Miss Roberts, are not all excitement and thrill but require the patience and discipline of any other job. In spite of its concern with violence and intrigue, the story is oddly muted and a trifle slow.

GENERAL

THE HOME FRONT, by David Hinshaw. A sort of how-are-we-doing survey of our domestic conduct of the war, from a fairly objective conservative viewpoint. The author examines the record of Congress, the President, newspapers, labor, industry, the farmers, and so on, and concludes that "the people have made a far better war record than has the Administration." An interesting job.

AIR POWER AND TOTAL WAR, by Cy Caldwell. The author reviews the history of military aviation, analyzes the arguments of its proponents and critics, and discusses what it has done so far in the war. He suggests that, at least in this present war, air power alone is not likely to be decisive but must act as a member, though perhaps the dominant member, of the land-sea-air team. Introduction by Eddie Rickenbacker.

ONE OF OUR PILOTS IS SAFE, by Squadron Leader William Simpson, D.F.C. A Scottish bomber pilot, shot down and almost fatally burned in the Battle of France, tells how he lived through more than a year of haphazard and unsanitary treatment in French hospitals before he was finally repatriated to Britain. A moving story, told with grave simplicity.

THEY MADE ME A LEATHERNECK, by Rowland Vance. Or, how they learn to toe the mark in the Officer Candidates' Class at Quantico, by an initiate now in service in the Pacific. Pithy, brisk, and entertaining in a dry, offhand way.

RUSSIA FIGHTS, by James E. Brown. This I.N.S. correspondent's book begins with the bombing of a convoy on the Murmansk route and ends, more or less irrelevantly, with the Eighth

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Whitey: "We can't be too early for Victory, Blackie—let's go!"

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Army's preparations for the El Alamein battle. In between we get a good and readable though by no means startlingly new picture of how the Russians are taking the war. Foreword by Joseph E. Davies.

SPIN IN, DUMBWHACKS, by Lieutenant Richard N. Ryan, United States Army Air Force. What you go through in the process of becoming an Army flier, by one who did. Entertaining, instructive, and neatly summed up in the author's heartfelt comment, "Birds is lucky."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A VARIETY OF WEAPONS, by Rufus King. Ann Ledrick, a New York photographer, is asked to take some pictures of Miss Estelle Marlow's pet ocelots at the Marlow estate in a remote part of the Adirondacks. She learns about a murder in the past and is involved in another murder the day after she arrives. Even the ocelots have a share in the fun, since the film used for their photographs shows the cause of one death. Fine, exciting story, with expert dialogue.

DEAD RECKONING, by Francis Bonnamy. Two young men discover an old map which points to buried treasure, and the discovery leads to their death. A chase for the murderer begins in Washington and ends on an island off Charleston, with Mr. Bonnamy's new detective—Shane of Chicago—doing the chasing. Nice plot and good characters in this excellent mystery, written under a pseudonym.

THE BODY FELL ON BERLIN, by Richard Lakin. After an R.A.F. raid on Berlin, a photograph taken during the raid shows a body, instead of a bomb, dropping from one plane. As no one is missing from the plane, Flight Lieutenant Jasper Doyle, a former detective, starts his own private investigation. He learns some rather unsavory things about the pasts of a few members of the crew, and things that have nothing to do with the war start happening. Written by a young R.A.F. officer while he was on active duty. Couldn't be better.

•

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Puree of Mongrel Soup
Chilled Fresh Fruit
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—*From the menu of a Washington restaurant.*

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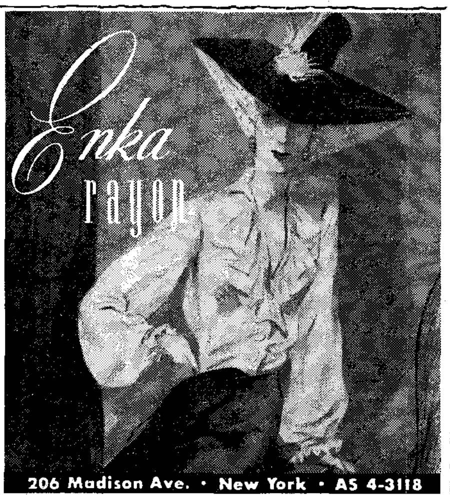

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THE STARLIGHT ROOF

LEO REISMAN
and his Orchestra at dinner & supper
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra alternating at supper
- and at supper only -
MORTON DOWNEY

Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday & Saturday, $2
BUFFET LUNCHEON
(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

—SUNDAY DINNER—
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra for dancing.
Selective Dinners (NO COVER)

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

V. S. R.
VSR
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
THREE FEATHERS
VSR
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

All our distilleries are concentrating 100% on the production of war alcohol

They've Got What it Takes!

THEY DIVE AT 725 M.P.H.

YOU can take it from the men who fly 'em—from Republic Aviation Corporation's chief test pilot Joe Parker *(below, right)* and the young fighter pilots with him: these new Thunderbolt fighters, the Army P-47's, they've got what it takes! And when you've wrestled one of these babies out of a screaming power-dive, you've earned a Camel. For Camels it is, with Joe Parker... with men in *all* the services.

THE PLANES

◆ They may not be what the doctor ordered for a quiet ride, but this new Thunderbolt fighter, built by Republic Aviation, is what the Axis asked for—and is going to get!

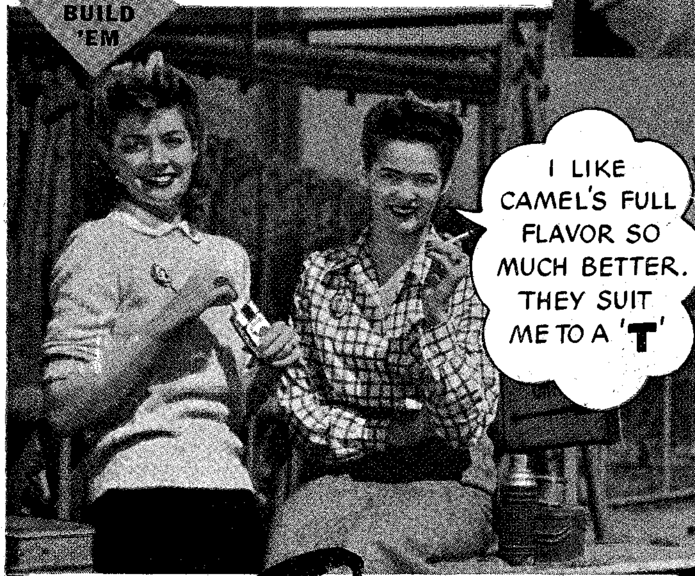
THE MEN WHO FLY 'EM

◆ What's it feel like? "Well," says Joe Parker *(at far right)*, "when you're diving that fast, you feel like you were a part of a solid piece of steel. And when it's over, I sure enjoy a Camel."

EXPERIMENTAL
IT'S ALWAYS CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT—THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

THE GIRLS WHO BUILD 'EM

◆ Lunch—and then a Camel for these Thunderbolt workers below. Says Josephine Walz *(left)*: "I find Camels milder all ways." Adds Shirley Jordan *(right)*: "Camels always hold their fresh appeal."


I LIKE CAMEL'S FULL FLAVOR SO MUCH BETTER. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

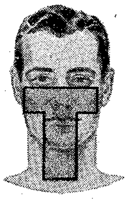
FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

THE "T-ZONE"

—where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

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Camels

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